

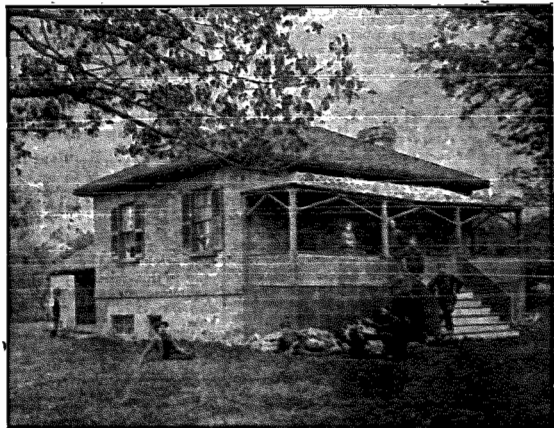
WAR CRY



VOL. X. No. 42. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1894.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



A MODERN ENTERPRISE OF GREAT PROMISE.

Scheme 10 Materializes with Startling Rapidly and Thrilling Interest.

TO HELP THE SUBMERGED

"We plough the field and scatter
The good seed o'er the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain.
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain."

THE LIFEBOAT.



OW with a wet sheet and a flowing sea. Praise God, we can shout victory, although our crowds have diminished as might be expected in the summer, and the waves seem to dash at us still on deck.

Sunday last, and the Sunday previous, were blessed days to our souls. On both days we saw precious souls seeking a pardoning God. One, a dear old man, who fell

At the Drumhead

in the open-air, and cried to God to save him.

At holiness meeting last Sunday, God came very near to me.

Seeing the cook was too busy to come up to meeting, we went down to him in the kitchen, and there amidst pots and pans, God gave us victory.

In the afternoon Adjutant McFee took the helm, and one precious soul sought pardon.

At night, while Miss Macdonald and Cadet Mott held on inside, the rest of us went out to Mr. Devil wholesale on the street. What a meeting! and, oh, what looks of anguish and despair seemed to settle on the faces of our listeners, as warm words carrying conviction fell from the lips of red-hot lick-the-devil Salvationists. We rejoice to know that God's Word shall not return unto Him void.

I have often been asked the cause of the condition of the class of men we have in our Shelter. After a close observance of sixteen months, I have to give the one answer,

Drink.

Oh, the tales of woe I have been called to listen to from time to time. When we sift it out, we find that the drink-devil was at the bottom. I have seen men take the shoes off their feet; yes, and the shirt from their back to sell for drink. Poor souls, how our hearts bleed for them. Helpless they exist from day to day dragging out a miserable, wretched life of dissipation and sin. Could you see the look of indifference and sometimes despair which settles on their faces as we plead with them, and try to point them to an ever-loving Christ, we feel sure you would do all in your power to help us. Someone may say, "Well, what can I do to help you? If I lived in the city I could take my wood orders to you."

Well, don't forget that we accept donations of every shape and form—money, clothes, sheep, pigs, hens, cows, horses, or even

Agricultural Implements

will find a ready welcome on our Social Farm.

Captain Dodd's enterprising face, which so often cheers us when we see him, would be apt to smile a little extra, if some of my readers good intentions were only put into practical effect.

If there is one that lives too far away from our head office on Wilton Avenue, and feel they cannot walk that far to give their order, don't forget our branch office at corner Lippincott and Ulster, where Cadet Carlson will be always ready to receive such. He is a red-hot North-Westerner, and all orders coming into his hands will receive prompt attention. I leave you to read, think and decide.

E. CHAFFLE, Cadet.

Catellina, N.F.L.—While almost every day of late we can see the fishermen getting their traps and trawls ready to catch fish, we halibut fishers have also been planning and scheming with our allegheny trawls and traps to catch the souls of men and women, and take them from the dark and pathless seas of sin and bring them safe to the shore.

Thank God, by His help we have succeeded in catching a few (seven of them this week) who we trust will be preserved blameless until the coming of the Master, and then be found fit for the heavenly market. God's promise to us is far not from henceforth thou shalt catch men, we mean to tell on until we hear the "Well done, it is enough, come up higher."—Cadet M. BROWN.

While coming to Toronto meetings we took in a young man at Newmarket for the hospital who had his arm pulled off by a belt in a mill. He was put in the baggage car so he could lie down. We were called in by what seemed to be a minister. We went in, and while the baggage man hustled trunks around, we had a prayer-meeting and the fellow surrendered to God.—He had once been a soldier.—Captain McFEE.



HAVE YOU A SISTER?

BY THE GENERAL.

He brought her up from Brighton to London, provided her with earnings, accomplished her ruin, introduced her to the customs and company of Piondilly, and then left her there with three coverings in her pocket to live on the wages of damnation, and, for all he cared, to rush down the steep incline on which he had placed her unsophisticated feet, to the Bottomless Abyss beneath.

Have you the misfortune to have a SISTER who has had the dire misfortune still, to have been treated after this fashion by a SISTER who has been deceived, robbed and forsaken, and, as the almost unremembered victim, forced off into the deep, dark Macdonald of a Harlot's life of degradation and woe?

Don't be offended at the enquiry, my friend. It is only too true—heartbreakingly true of thousands of sisters if not of yours—and if you have, not been overtaken by such a degrading calamity it is a matter for gratitude, and you might very properly lift up your heart at this moment in thanksgiving to your Heavenly Father that this is not so. But suppose you had a SISTER so placed—a SISTER who might now be saying:

"I came as pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like the snowflake from Heaven to Hell."

Fact or Supposition?

Now, if you had a SISTER bound, helplessly bound, in the meshes—of this rotten world of gilded vice, would you not think about her sometimes? I know full well that the custom of families, when such dread disgrace darkens their homes, is to dig a hole—a deep hole—in some hidden corner of memory and there, by mutual agreement, bury all remembrance of the lost one. At least they try to do so, but I should think that in many cases they don't succeed very well. Mothers must find this method a very difficult one to successfully carry out—aye, and Fathers and brothers and sisters as well. You would, my friend, you know you would; nay, perhaps you do—for I cannot help thinking all the time, that I have got hold of someone who has a SISTER in these dreary circumstances.

But, come now, we will only suppose that you have a SISTER so fixed, in which case I press my enquiry, Would you not think about her sometimes? Could you help yourself? Would not your thoughts in the silent night season, unbidden, go after her? With or without consent, would not you find yourself asking yourself, What is my dearest SISTER doing to-night? Where is she? On the streets in her gey, deplorable state? In her haunts of folly and hollow merriment? In her wild, intoxicating madhouse, or in her black and what despair? Where is my SISTER, and what is she doing to-night?

What She Once Was?

And then, would not visions come up before your eyes, all unbidden, of what she once was? Would you not see her again, the laughing, innocent thing of her childhood, full of dreams by night and by day of a pure, happy, aye, perhaps of a useful future?

Yes, perchance you would think of her in her mother's arms; and would not the recollection of mother start into motion another out of sympathy? Her mother. Oh, where is her mother? If gone to the World of Spirits, gone before the disgrace came down on the family, would there not be an involuntary cry of thankfulness in your heart for what would appear to be the thrice blessed arrangement of mercy which has at least hidden the hideous misfortune from mother's eyes? And if not gone, would not the thought of that mother's agony bring new pangs to your own heart, if you are a real mother's son; and if you are a real mother's daughter, would it not fill your eyes with weeping tears?

But let us come back to SISTER. If you were compelled to call such a poor, orphan, friendless creature by that name. If you had a SISTER drifting, drifting, rocked in her paltry misery, cursed and mocked by those whose gratification she is being damned to supply, maddened and held to her destiny by the intoxicating cup. If you had a SISTER drifting, oh, so rapidly, to her doom, you could not help thinking of the poor creature now and then.

Your Heart Would Make Excuse.

You would make excuses for such a SISTER. I am sure you would. For, whatever she may be, is she not your mother's child? Did you not play together in the far-back times, and laugh, and frolic, and sleep in company? Had you not the same trials and the same joys? Did you not vow to love one another, and help one another for ever and ever? And now she is—there.

Well, I think that you would try and make the black horrid darkness of her present wickedness a little less terrible in your estimation by remembering how rarely she was tempted, if you knew what her temptations were, which is very improbable; for while men and women know all about the falls of poor sinners, they are very, very frequently in all but blindest ignorance of the circumstances which have brought them about. Anyway, you would not forget that her condemnation is to be shared with the fend in human shape who compassed her ruin. Very wrong she is, doubtless, but what about him?

As to the present, perhaps you might find some excuse in her wild, reckless, and hopeless nature. She sees no possibility of deliverance. She knows that all men—yes, and, alas! all women, too; the latter sometimes more than the former—hate and despise her; at least she thinks they do, and she has good reasons for it. And if all men don't hate and despise her, she hates and despises herself. And so oblivious—to be forgotten—to be dead, in what she covets, and, so far as she can secure it, she is determined to have it. To be forgotten and to forget her home, her fall, her sadner, her loathsome present, her horrible future, her God, and her eternity. And so she cries, "Give me forgetfulness!" to which and she takes the cup, always so handy, always as it were at her lips, and grows strangely gay and reckless of tomorrow.

Wh. Not Come Home?

But why does she stay away from us? you would ask. We would welcome her return. Ah! she thinks just the opposite. And even if home and its inmates could face her, how could she face them? "If you could forgive me," she says, "I could never forgive myself." And so, on, on, she drives. Faster and faster whirles the rushing rapids. On, on, on, music, dancing, company. The days of exultation and despair, and the nights of delirium follow one another with little change, and the deadly, delusive drink is there all the time. On, on, on, till the end comes. Everybody and everything without her and within her helping her on.

Oh, what about your SISTER? Would you not pray for her? You know one at least who has the heart and the ability to help you in this perplexing extremity. He happily combines the qualities so oft disjointed in the world around you. While hating the sin, hating it as only He can hate, which is what all saints hate, He pities the sinner with an equally infinite compassion. Oh, I feel sure that you would cry to Him, that His eye might discover her whereabouts, that one of His tears might fall upon her heart and break it with repentance, that one drop of His blood might be vouchsafed to her conscience and purge it from the dead, rotten past, and that henceforth one continued

stream of His Spirit might make her white as snow again, and keep her pure evermore. Yes, you would pray for her.

Practical Sympathy.

But you would not be content with praying, you would write her letters of love and entreaty; that is, if you knew whom to find her. Nay, you would not be content with praying or writing, you would go after her, you would follow your lost sheep into this wilderness of damnation and of devils and of devilries, even if it were to the earth, if so be you had hope of finding and bringing her home.

And would it be a surprising and unnatural thing to do? Do not men come seas and roads over distant lands, braving perils and diseases and death, to find honor and gold and other possible commodities? But here is the unspeakable soul of your SISTER, once so white—

"Write as the snow before she fell,
Fall as a snowflake from heaven to hell."

Not to hell, thank God! Not to hell, if on to its very verge—and would you not give some assistance, at some cost of money or toil, to rescue her before she had got right in?

The Wanderer's Return.

And then, oh, joy, joy, joy! to men and angels, and to the blessed Father of us all if you found your SISTER, if you persuaded her to come home. With what gladness would you not take her to her mother to be embraced, to her father to be welcomed, to her brothers and sisters—if they are worthy of the name, or had any spark of Christ's love in them—to be received. And then would you not take her by the hand and lay her at your Saviour's feet as a trophy of His mercy, as a fruit of His agency and travail on the Cross?

"Oh," do you say, "had I a SISTER in such circumstances, I most certainly would strive with all my might to do all this. But I tell you again I have no SISTER in such a forlorn condition." Well, then, again I say, "Thank God!" and prove your gratitude by thinking about the thousands and tens of thousands of sisters who are not only in this terrible plight, but who have no brother, and no sister, and no anybody else to go after them into the dark wilderness where, with thorn-torn sides and bleeding feet, they wander to their doom. Will you seek them?

Join the Delivering Angels.

But do you say that you know not how to perform so difficult a task? Well, then, turn to these delivering angels of the Salvation Army. They will teach you. They will take you in as apprentices, and instruct and drill you in the business and make you as skillful as they most certainly are, few as they are, if judged by their fruits, they understand their work full well. But if you will not actually join them in fighting for the rescue of the prey from the wild beasts of Piondilly and elsewhere; if you will not join them in the patience, and love, and sacrifice that are required to revolutionize the thinking, and feelings, and habits of these poor lost creatures; if you will not yourself adopt a Missionary Vocation, in many respects with more of trial and hardship connected with it, and less of interest than that of the ordinary life amongst the African and Pacific Ocean savages, then make these delivering angels your agents. Support them with your prayers, and love them with your money. Help them to enlarge their Homes and their facilities for rescuing the lost. See to it that nobody's lost SISTER knocks at the door of their delivering Homes and turns away because there is no room. Oh, for Christ's sake, for the sake of the hopeless, friendless ones, help these children of the streets?

The Latest.

N.B.—I have just learned that the deceased girl with whose story I started my paper, was greatly impressed by the remarkable proclamation in which the band marched through Piondilly playing "Home, Sweet Home," and that, but for the ridicule of her companions, she would have and have rushed away from the gale and deliver of her life. However, the arrows lodged in her heart that night, remained, and three weeks ago she was taken in to the new West End Home, where last week she knelt, a broken-hearted penitent, at the foot of the Cross.

The foundation stone of the second and final portion of the South African Home for Discharged Prisoners was laid by Sir William Cameron, K.C.B., on the 26th of May last, whilst at the third anniversary of the Work, Sir Gordon Spring, Treasurer General, presided.

DOMINION DAY.

Roar of the Battle!

THE COMMANDANT

HEARS THE TROOPS AT ORILLIA.

The Marriage of Capt. Heft and Lieut. Hadden,
and the Laying of the Corner Stone of the
New Barracks.

These events our readers will easily understand stirred Orillia from centre to circumference.

It was a bold stroke to attempt to invade Orillia at the time of holiday-making. All was excitement. Two train-loads of excursionists were expected from the City of Toronto. The red-coated boys from Peterboro' were on the scene. Capt. Heft's division was in strong evidence. Special parties in different parts of the town and a demonstration on the lake, were all events that were calculated to attract the attention of the holiday-seeker in preference to the solid meetings of the old-time religion. Still, glory be to God, once again has the Lord demonstrated that if He be lifted up, He will draw all men unto Him, and the Cross has not yet lost its attraction.

Amidst the thousands of excursionists leaving Toronto on the Sunday, would be seen a large group of Salvationists. One of them, Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, with Ensigns Turner and Blackburn, Captains Morris, Attwell, Horn, Griffiths, and several of our ever-ready comrades from Limer Street. It is a long road to Orillia, and yet it seemed but a few minutes before we heard the cheery halloes of Captain Heft and his comrades on the Orillia platform.

"This Way,"

and the coming bridegroom, and in a few minutes we were dispersed into the hearts of families, who for kindness, hospitality, and right down generosity, we have never seen surpassed.

The roving march was followed by a most blessed meeting in the tent at night. Not forgetting that open-air at which hundreds of the people stood stretched by the stars of the Cross.

"Hear ye, everybody who is coming to kneel-drill," brought forth quite a satisfactory response, and as a kind of preparation, a night march took place, which ended up at half-past eleven p.m.

That seven o'clock knee-drill was a time of blessed refreshing, and God came wonderfully near.

Open-air at half-past twelve, and the hoarse meeting till after nine, took up the remainder of the morning.

In the afternoon the Brigadier addressed a large Presbyterian Sunday School by special request, and gave a short account of our foreign work, specially adapted to the children.

A little fellow, who was a staunch Presbyterian, gave rather a pleasing testimony of the meeting, as he met round the tentable, declaring that he had almost gone to sleep in class, but felt quite roused up when the Salvation man began to preach. (Note: A little Salvation Armyism is appreciated even by our Presbyterian friends.)

Afternoon and night the congregations were exceptionally good, and in point of collections and out-door attendance, Orillia certainly takes the cake.

The Happy Indians

and sang for joy. One Indian brother, a Methodist, declared that this was the first time he had spoken in the open-air ring. Beads of perspiration stood on his face, and he just got so boiling-hot happy that he literally danced for joy.

Ensign Blackburn demonstrated that he had lost none of his cunning in the way of being up a collection, and over \$6 was taken up at one outdoor meeting.

All day, in thunder-like tones, it had been announced that Captain Heft would be married on the following day, Commandant Herbert Booth would lay the corner stone of the new barracks, and a corner banquet and meeting would take place in the Orange Hall.

Very punctually, considering it was Dominion Day, Commandant and Brigadier Holland arrived on the scene, and were met at the station by Mr. W. Thompson, who guessed the Commandant was. A night march to the principal street of the town, and here an address of welcome was

read by the Mayor. The Mayor was introduced to the Commandant by Brigadier de Barritt, who congratulated Orillia on its possession of such a worthy representative. His Worship then read the following address:—

ORILLIA, July 2, 1904.

Commandant Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army, Canada:

MY DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the citizens of Orillia, and especially on the part of the religious organizations of our place, I have been requested to extend to you and your fellow-comrades in the war, a warm welcome to our city.

We have heard with pleasure that it is the intention of your father, General Booth, to visit the Dominion at an early date, and for his sake, as well as your own, we rejoice that you are generous with us to-day.

We desire to congratulate you on the barracks that is in course of erection in this town, and trust that the sympathy of the townspeople will make the completion of this building an early and successful one.

We are pleased to hear of the success that is attending your social expeditions in this country, and pray that you may be spared to lead your faithful troops to fresh and more glorious victories.

I have the honor to remain, most sincerely yours on behalf of the undersigned,

THE MAYOR,
MR. W. A. THOMPSON,
MR. TAY,
MR. W. G. GIBBS,
MR. W. G. GIBBS,
MR. W. G. GIBBS.

The Commandant replied in beautifully fitting language, and congratulated Orillia on its selection of Mayor, its evidence of prosperity, treatment of the Salvation Army, appreciation of the good accomplished, and the prospects of possessing one of the neatest and most useful Salvation Army barracks that the Dominion could boast of. A few minutes more, and amid the hearty cheers of the appreciative crowd, the Commandant drove off to his billet.

The Stone-Laying

In the afternoon was well attended, in consideration of the counter attractions, it was just marvellous. Circus, volunteer encampment, bands of music, all failed to draw away the crowd that was determined to hear our beloved Commandant and the company of influential men and clergymen that would act as his right hand supporters on this memorable occasion. Mr. McDonald, M. P., was also present, and spoke most feelingly of the work accomplished by the Salvation Army in this country.

Despite his weakness, the Commandant rose right above the occasion and delivered a masterly address on the aims and objects of God's Salvation Army.

A silver bowl was presented to Mr. Thompson, who certainly showed himself as adept in the art of laying the corner stone of a Salvation Army barracks.

His Worship spoke very appropriately of the work accomplished by the Salvation Army through the instrumentality of Capt. Heft.

Our friends were afterwards invited to lay bricks at seventy cents and a dollar a head. We were glad to see amongst those who responded some of our own friends and comrades, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Ayre, Ensigns Turner and Blackburn, and others, all determined to have a brick in the new building.

Night was the crowning time. Captain Heft and Lieutenant Hadden were to be united in the bonds of

Matrimony, Hard Work, and Holy War,



THE NEW BARRACKS, ORILLIA.

and that crowd of five hundred people, who had paid fifteen cents per head admission, spoke volumes of the appreciation in which our comrades are held in Orillia and for the love the citizens of that place have for the Salvation Army. Those who have been present at the Commandant's wedding service will remember the happy faculty he has for performing this important rite, and our leader was peculiarly effective in the conducting of this ceremony. It is some time since we have seen a more prompt and cordial response than was given to the Commandant that night, and the unanimous verdict and wish was, "Commandant, come again."

The Articles of Marriage were read by Brigadier Holland, who was heartily welcomed by his old comrades in Orillia, and we assure the Commandant's A. D. C. that we should be glad to see him back again in Orillia the first day he has to spare. May God bless him.

On Tuesday, the Commandant and Brigadier de Barritt, with Staff-Captain Fry, visited Big Bay Point, where camp meetings were held.

Wednesday was a field day for our dear comrades at Collingwood. Large crowds of soldiers had gathered from Faversham and the surrounding places, and if the crowd was not so large as it was in Orillia, it was none the less cordial. A Council for officers and soldiers was conducted by Brigadier de Barritt in the afternoon, on the lines of what a Salvationist is, and what the world, God and his leaders expect of him. A most profitable two hours was spent.

The night march almost reminded one of Toronto on a small scale. The lifeline was to the front, in which met the Commandant. A brass band, small but good, took a prominent part, whilst a

Rigid of Violinists

scrapped way to their hearts' content. A happy band of soldiers brought up the rear, and Collingwood will remember for a long time the lively, roving march that passed down their streets.

The Commandant spoke at night on the object and aims of the Salvation Army, and from eight to ten o'clock this subject was handled by the Commandant with force, power, skill, and great blessing. Hearty Aims of appreciation continually interrupted our leader's address, and hundreds of people went forth from that meeting more than ever convinced that the Salvation Army was a God-sent institution, and was destined more than ever to bring about the salvation of thousands of precious souls. May it be so.

Our leader's life is a very busy one, and really it seemed but a day when the next morning we arrived in Toronto at 9:30 a.m. and in a few minutes the Commandant was plunged into the midst of business, all pertaining to the glorious Salvation War.

Our comrades were most delighted with the visit of their leader, and from every point visited the united wish is that our chief will speedily pay them another visit. May God bless the Commandant and God bless our Army all over the Dominion.

SOLDIERS.

TO THE SINGER.—What a folly it is to dread the thought of throwing away life at once and yet have no regard to throwing it away by parcels and piecemeal!

SONG SAVED.

A story is told, and though evidently "cooked," may well have had something true to cook.

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on a dock of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the petition so dear to every loving heart,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis on the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away.

Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, sir, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, "I did my fighting on the one side, and think—indeed am quite sure—I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard-duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand. I crept near your post of duty, my weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. Your beat led you into the clear light. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of that hymn you have just sung. I missed my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by my commander for the work because I was a true shot. Then out upon the night floated the words:

"O'er my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that, and there was no attack made on your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you singing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner and said with much emotion:

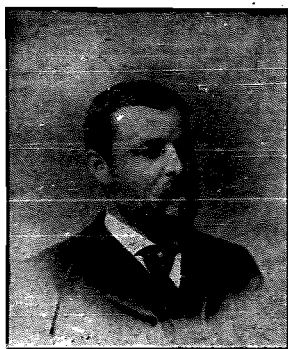
"I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home, and friends, and all that life holds dear."

"Then the thought of God's care came to me with peculiar force, and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

has been a favorite hymn, now it will be inexpressibly dear."

BILLY BRAY being reproached one day by a depraved, dissolute man, as being one of those idle fellows who go about living upon others, and doing nothing whatever, said, "My Father can keep me a gentleman always if He pleases, without my doing any work at all; but your father"—pointing to his shabby, tattered garments—"cannot even keep you in decent clothes with all your hard work." "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit;" &c., "If fools talk nonsense, do not talk nonsense with them; if fools boast a victory over wisdom, then let wisdom expose their folly."



MAYOR Wm. THOMSON, Orillia.

Eastern Province Notes

BY BRIGADIER JACOBS.

We are now at the time of writing on the boat for Fredericton. The engagement commences straight off. Quite a number of our St. John soldiers are going to avail themselves of the opportunity and be present.

Dominion Day passed off very nicely with us at St. John. We had a little difficulty in getting the tent up, but were not to be beaten. Everything got nicely fixed at last. We were favored with very fair weather, although the first part of the day was foggy.

Partridge Island, where we spent Dominion Day, is a beautiful spot in fine weather. We were treated very kindly by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and family, which we appreciated very much. The meetings on the whole were fairly successful. About 1,600 people came to the Island.

From what we can hear there has been good times at Fredericton lately. All from that quarter seem in good spirits. I heard of eighteen souls getting saved last Sunday, which included three at the drumhead. We are believing for great things this next few days.

From here we go to Yarmouth for a week, from 13th to 19th. It is a foregone conclusion that we are going to have a great time; it will be too late to invite you to come by the time this appears in print.

We will do the next best thing. We are to have the tent pitched in Annapolis from July 21st to 24th. There are to be cheap rates on the W. A. R. and Western counties. We have still a faint recollection of last year's meetings. This year, I believe, will surpass them.

Now, there is Bridgetown, close to Annapolis; no excuse for you not coming. Arrange to take the whole meetings in. Dear River, have a little enterprise! Get some of the many lively stable gentlemen to take you up cheap; or a walk of four miles to the station is not outrageous; I have walked it myself before now.

Then, Digby soldiers: some of you came last year, why not all this year if you have not been to Yarmouth. It is a good thing to get all together for a day or two. When your friends invite you to come to them, say so, you come and meet me at Annapolis, I am going there to worship God for a day or two.

Esma Alward is pushing things as hard as possible, and I understand has a special rate on the Nova Scotia Central. Now, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, and Liverpool, avail yourself of it. What is the use of being so mean that you can't spend a cent in traveling? Come and get your soul blessed, never mind what it costs.

Captain Jennings will be along from Windsor, and will bring with him as many as he possibly can. Kentville will be there with circle corps here and rig. I can tell you who all will be there. Come and see.

The tent goes up on the old battery, by the kind permission of the Mayor; the scene of an awful battle in days gone by, now to be the scene of another kind of a battle.

Truro comes next on our list. We have selected Truro for three reasons. 1st, it is a very important town in Nova Scotia. 2nd, it is a town which is a centre from which our soldiers can come into. 3rd, the people of Truro are very kind in billeting our officers and friends.

The date for Truro is July 27th to July 30th. From every station on the I.C.R., there will be a special rate. Single fare for a return journey. Buy an ordinary single ticket, and ask for a standard certificate. Each year these meetings were held at New Glasgow. They are still fresh in our memory.

New Glasgow soldiers of course will return the compliment, and I trust be there in large numbers.

Westville and Stellarton can both have a rest from meeting, and come. Pictou the same. It will be of great advantage to get together, pray together, believe together, and get souls saved together.

Halifax and Dartmouth made a good show at New Glasgow last year. Now, it won't be so far; therefore, we will be expecting double the number. Come up over Sunday. Springhill and Acadia Mines should avail themselves of a change. I understand there is not over much work just now; this will give you a chance to get off.

What we are after is as follows: By our coming together to get more than ever roused up and set on fire for God and souls, and go in for a regular red-hot, soul-saving campaign.

I don't like to boast, but I can assure you the devil is going to get it; no quarter to him, he must be routed, beaten and driven out. We don't expect to do it with a feather and a bottle of olive oil. No, by the aid of the Holy Ghost and red-hot truths. Lord, help us to speak plainer and hotter.

Open-air and marches. There are to be some. We must have the crowd. Can't get people saved unless we can get at them some object I know to using some extraordinary means, so does the devil. We don't believe that God as a rule blames lazy people, and seeing that we are neither lame nor lazy, we mean to do all we can to let the people know we are in form.

Minion comes in the next week in my notes. I will give a few particulars. All about well, we can't get back. We'll have back from the G.P. all on fire. Look out, things will happen.

Now, pray for all these meetings: we can't get on without it; believe, have faith; without faith not very much will be accomplished. So honest, set up to the light that God gives you. Work, don't let the devil get you off the track, or to the siding of going to sleep. No, no; wait, pray, believe and expect, God is going to give the increase.

SELECTED PICKINGS.

BY FRANK.

The devil votes us to be prey.

The devil is the author of infidelity, but he is not a bit of an infidel himself.

Sickness is often the means of grace, but sin, never.

"Know that you are as near heaven as you are far from the love of the bewitching world."—Kierkegaard.

God sends no man to heaven or hell; men gravitate to where they belong.

Every man is a hypocrite who prays one way and lives another.

Every man is bound to make the most of himself. He has no right to be a dwarf when he can be a giant. He has no right to be a failure when he can be a success.

A large number of employers report that of the clerks, church-goers and Sunday-excommunicants, the former are the better fitted for work on Monday morning.

The slanderer murders three persons at once—himself, the one slandered, and the one who listens with approval to the slanderer.

The potter beats the clay before putting on the wheel, so he gets the smelter out, as he calls it. The Lord cannot mould and fashion us until He gets the sinner out of our hearts.

Some folks say they do not like our methods of doing things. Our answer is, we do not like their methods of not doing things.

The vibrations of a steam-engine whistle can be heard at a distance of 3,800 yards; the sound of a locomotive at 3,300; the crack of a rifle and the barking of a dog at 1,900 yards; a call to dinner may distance up five miles, and a call to knee-drill on Sunday morning, at something like two-foot six inches—often less.

Men may preach the old devil notions of a false theology and cry that men cannot live without sin, but it remains true to-day, as in the days of Job, "A perfect and upright man, one that feareth God and worketh righteousness."

"Don't interfere with the Salvation Army. They may be ignorant, but they are sincere, true, and obnoxious, but they mean well, and do an immunity of good."—*See Howard, Jr., in the New York Recorder.*

No state of grace excludes the need of "Forgetting the things which are behind, reaching forth unto the things which are before, and pressing toward the mark for the prize."

The pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied, "No, no, it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks."

"Our corps is looking up." We read this report so frequently that it calls to mind the words of a quaint old preacher of preceding generation. He was at conference and about to tell of the condition of things on his charge. "Bishop, the church at — is looking up. It's flat on its back."

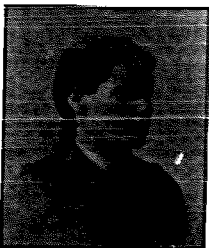
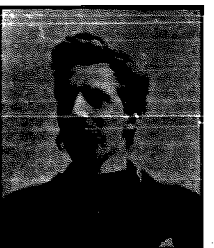
"If there is anything at all in the Christian religion, the Salvation Army have certainly gotten hold of the core of it, and are carrying out the example, precepts, and teachings of the Author more closely and fully than all other religious bodies combined, and are not only carrying out but are forcing these precepts and teachings into practical every day life."—*Oscar Meske, Danvers.*

On old sea-captain, advising a young friend who was going to a strange city to engage in business, said upon him the importance of taking his certificate of church membership, and at once identifying himself with some church in his new home. He said: "I am an old sea-captain, and have found it good policy in coming into port always to tie my vessel up at once, fore and aft, to the spikes on the wharf, although it may cost me something for wharfage, instead of anchoring her in the stream and letting her swing with the tide."

WHY is a miser's heart like a "Grace-before-Meat" box? Because it is always open to receive money, but what you will you cannot shake it out again.

JUDAS.—The least fault in the conduct of Christ, could he have rectified it, would have relieved the agonies of his conscience and justified, or at least palliated his reason. He put an end to his own life because he could not endure the misery springing from a sense of his guilt. In this gross and dreadful act he gave, therefore, the strongest testimony which is possible to the perfect innocence of the Redeemer.

"The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us."

UNITED

JULY 2nd,
1894

ADJUTANT and MRS. TAYLOR.

Elia Mabel Williams,

Levi Taylor

Fredericton, 1894. 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"AN AXE! AN AXE!"

A YOUNG AMERICAN HERO.

His Example Calls for Every Canadian to Rush to the Rescue.

Here is nobility. Here is the triumph of the love that risks all for a fellow creature in dire need. Here is an object lesson of the Divine sacrifice brought down to the comprehension of the mind of a child. Who is there whose soul does not thrill at the following recital of heroism? Where are those who will emulate that lad in the sphere spiritual? Is there not a fire, a wreck, the shriek of the wounded for help, and imminent death? Rise up, ye would-be saviours. "An axe! an axe!" clear the track, and save those ready to perish; the plaudits of the skies await the conqueror. Follow the Great Self-sacrificer of Calvary.

"Down from the shining rank above,
He sped with joyful pace;
Rescued himself of all but love,
And died for Adam's race."

A YOUNG HERO.

A terrible railroad accident happened in Hoboken, New Jersey, a little while ago. An accommodation train, running too fast in the fog, crashed into a standing express. There was a scotchy boy on the express who had been sitting in the rear car studying his lesson. As the express train stopped up a feeling of oppression took hold of him. He suddenly remembered hearing his grandfather once say that the rear car was the most dangerous one on the train, and acting on an impulse of the moment, he got up and went through one car into the third from the rear. He was scarcely seated when he felt the car crumbling beneath him, and found himself entangled in a mass of men and wreckage.

Wounded and bloody, the boy extricated himself. Above the rush of screeching steam rose the agonised cries of the unfortunate pinned beneath the broken timbers. Men were dazed and aghast.

"An axe! an axe!" shouted a shrill voice. The school boy was the first to gather his wits and start the work of rescue. With an axe he saved three or four men before the other bystanders had begun to think.

Then a cry of horror from another point called an excited group of men together. Beneath the wrecked engine, amid the dripping coal and screeching steam, was seen the figure of a man. The sight was the more sickening because the dead locomotive was liable to topple over any instant and crush whatever lay beneath it. There was a cry for volunteers.

The conductor called; the engineer called; but all held back. Not all of the crowd saw a slight figure whose clothes were torn, whose face was almost unrecognisable from blood and soot, and whose hands were black from soot.

"Go! Let me go, quick!" cried the school boy.

The crowd stood back, while a few made an effort to stop him; but the boy flung himself underneath the locomotive, risking death as unhesitatingly as he had skated at recess. Seeing his movements, the huge engine actually shivered above him, as if deciding whether to roll upon the young hero or not.

Then there was a shout, and men felt a tingling in their throats. From under the iron monster the boy reappeared, dragging after him the man he had gone to save. Now there were willing hands and plenty of volunteers, after the deed was done. It was said by those present that no person so unassuming himself as that school boy. When he appeared at his father's door, hours afterward, he sank almost upon the threshold, with clothes torn, with his face and hands grimy and bleeding, and so changed that his mother's servants did not recognize him.

One of the distinguishing qualities of our American boyhood is its readiness to accept responsibility. Unselfish and heroic conduct is the product of age, but instinctive nobility, which is it pleasant to know that the pupil at school may possess equally with the man of mature years.

In connection with the old adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," it is well to remember also that "The hell of filth is the portal by which many men enter into the hell of fire."

Dr. PARKER, in the course of his sermon last evening made the following remarks upon the Salvation Army, viz.: "In the Salvation Army, as soon as a man is converted, they call upon him to pray and preach. You ask me, what does he preach? Reply, his own experience; not another's. The world must, and will, listen to this. God and the angels will listen. Brother, listen likewise!"



ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Where Mrs. Booth conducted the wedding of Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor.

Goderich.—We have just finished a series of very special meetings here, in which almost all have been revived, sinners aroused and forcibly brought to realize their need of salvation. Though not having seen the desired results, viz., souls saved, yet we feel assured that God again has been glorified. We were somewhat disappointed in not having the Wingham brass band with us as announced, but we will keep believing that they will fulfil their promise some time in the future. Emma Malby came to lead us on for the three days.

Saturday night we gathered beneath the trees on the beautiful square for open-air meeting. I might say here that we seldom have a public meeting in the barracks these days, only when forced to on account of rain. We were careful to bring seats from the barracks, which proved a hit in the right direction for our comfort. The meeting was one of blessing.

A good number turned out to have drill and claimed power from God for the day's conflict. Holiness meeting at 11 a.m. was good. We thought upon the first half of the present year just gone into eternity, and realized to make the best use of the half to come. One brother claimed a deeper work of grace in his heart.

Crowds of people gathered around us in the afternoon and evening beneath the shady trees in the square. God enabled us to deal with them for eternity.

Open-air meetings again Monday afternoon and night. The crowds were great; reinforce men came from Sandford, Bayfield, and one brother from Wingham.

Oh, yes, we are loyal Canadians. We celebrated Dominion Day in a right manner, not as the people who came together to take in the sports, but to rejoice in the Lord, to express our satisfaction in His service, and get souls saved. The hellish school teacher from Bayfield read God's Word to us and sang, so did Captain Cressmer and Lieutenant Morrison. The English felt like having a demon, but didn't try.

A great display of fireworks was quite a feature while our night meeting was going on, which added considerably to the interest of the meeting. The Chinese lanterns hung on cords across the top of the Court House and in trees, with the rockets, etc., exploding in the sky above our heads furnished us with light from without, while within our hearts the light of God shone brightly.

Tuesday night while gathered for soldiers' meeting, two dear fellows came into the barracks drunk. The Spirit of God took hold of them, and soon they came forward and cried for mercy. They left sobered up and promised to return again to take their stand with us for God.—Wm. McDONALD, for Captain Boaz.

Zealous for God.

Saul, before his conversion, was zealous for God; this he tells his persecutors when brought before the council in Jerusalem, and he was very energetic in his mistaken views of religion, like many free thinkers of our day who go about perverting the truth, wasting their strength in wrong lines, blind leading the blind; but God in mercy to Saul brought him to the bright rays of His divine illumination which led him to see the false course he had pursued, and cry out in desire to follow God's light. "What wilt thou desire me to do," and was at once put to work to save sinners, by telling them this Christ they had put to death was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. Now, Saul was really and truly zealous for God, indeed, and truth; the scales had fallen from his eyes, he had now spiritual visions. The carnal mind knoweth not, cannot discern the things of God; let us all seek life from above and the Spirit's guidance, to work with Paul's new zeal, a zeal according to knowledge. In the vineyard prepare ground for the seed of the word, destroy the weeds of error, make rough places smooth by creating peace where discord prevails, blessed are the peacemakers, water the young plants with water from the life giving fountain, prune, lop off mistaken notions of the word. Thus, said the Lord, there is much to do. Be not weary in well doing, in due season you shall reap if you faint not. Be a Paul in energy and zeal for God, and you will with Him be able to exclaim, "Nothing shall separate me from Christ. To live in Christ, and to die is eternal gain."

WESLEY seemed once "on the point to die," and the Moravian asked him, "Do you hope to be saved?" Charles answered, "Yes." "For what reason do you hope it?" "Because I have used my best endeavor to serve God." In recounting the event, Charles Wesley says, "He shook his head and said no more. I thought him very uncharitable, saying in my heart, 'Would he rob me of my endeavors?' But, that silent, and, significant shake of the head shattered his confidence in his endeavors. It was left to a 'poor, ignorant mechanic, who knows nothing but Christ,' to teach him to hope, not in endeavors, but in the merits of a perfect Saviour."

FROM THE LIFEBOAT.

Sunday, the 8th, was not only a glorious day to our souls at the Shelter, but was crowned with tangible results, inasmuch as three prodigals came home.

Seven a.m. knee-drill was led by Captain Savage, and was attended by several soldiers from the Temple corps. If any failed to receive a blessing it was their own fault, as God was with us.

At 11:30 came the family holiness meeting, with Cook Cadet Linton in the kitchen. At 1:30 the cadets were called to pray with a dear brother who had wandered, and before going to the open-air had the pleasure of hearing him testify to having again found the Pearl of Greatest Price.

From the open-air to the hall, where a meeting was already in progress, and where another brother professed to have experienced God's saving power.

For the evening meeting the farewell of Cadet Chapelle was announced, and from the open-air a goodly crowd followed us to the hall, where a glorious meeting was held. Miss Macdonald had an audience in splendid condition, having been singing old-time Gospel hymns for over a half-hour. To crown all who should pop in but Major Complin, with his banjo. After a red-hot testimony meeting, varied by two selections from the Editor, Cadet Chapelle said his good-bye in a feeling appeal to the unsaved. Then followed the lesson and an address from Major Complin that set souls thinking. Surely the Spirit was striving, and certain it is that a more attentive or appreciative audience never hung upon the words of any speaker. One soul came to the penitent form and claimed the promised salvation. God bless the Major, and may he come often.

What a work there is for us in this part of God's vineyard! We are believing and praying for great things.

Cadet Chapelle left for the Lighthouse, Montreal, Tuesday evening at nine.

Thursday evening we are to have a great musical go. Altogether we intend, by God's help, to make the Lifeboat corps one of the best in the city, and, Mr. Editor, you may expect to hear from us.

CADET D. A. MOTT.

CONSCRIPTS OF SADNESS.

O ye beloved of the Lord, who rejoice in the sunshine of His presence, let us go up together to the high mountains of joy, for He hath said, "I will dwell in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be; there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel. I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God."—Ezek. 34:14, 15.

Would to God that I could awaken all the conscripts of sadness and of unbelief to a realization of the privileges of the believer in Jesus my Lord. Then would be heard a thunder-roll of thanksgiving and joy for the glorious privilege of letting our joys be known. Songs of praise would ring aloud, they would swell and reach to heaven, and be accepted of our God. Sing, O sing beloved, for the Holy Spirit now waits to pour the oil of gladness into every heart. O ye who cannot sing, clap your hands in Jesus' name, so shall you help us to smooth the brow of care, and brighten the countenance of gloom. Soldier of the Cross! hear the orders of our day. "Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand unto, ye and your households wherein the Lord thy God hath blessed thee."—Deut. 12:7.

Gather the Clans for the March,

round the loud timber until you revive the drooping spirits of despair. There are millions of our race whose hearts are as fallow ground that needs and awaits the culture of our spiritual husbandry.

Give a cheer, give a valley in the name of the Lord, and let us address ourselves to the uplifting of the fallen, the salvation of the lost, in the confidence that He is with us, and that He doth ever dwell within us, baptizing us with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Toil on; be not dismayed; soon the green blade of promise shall appear; many to be will expand with new found joy, and countless thousands of sinners, saved and sanctified, shall be the reward of that faith which He above can give, but once given, laughs at all impossibilities, and cries, "It shall, it shall be done. It shall be done!"

In the name of Jesus let us pray, O God, most high, put Thy words into our mouths and send them forth as fire.—Jer. v. 14. And may the stubble of formalism and all unrighteousness be consumed. "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," Amen and amen.

ROBERT LESLIE VICKERS,
Emerson, Manitoba.

DURING Sir Henry Loch's recent visit to England a disposition of India was taken upon him to visit the place where the great battle of the Marston was fought in 1141.



BUILDING THE HENNERY.

Our Miniature Canada.

THE SOCIAL FARM, TORONTO.

Scheme No. 10 of the General's Jubilee Program.

Farming on the style of our forefathers is good enough for us as a start off. We propose to improve as we go on, not as we go off! But we have that most valuable of all things, a moderate degree of common sense, which will keep us on safe commercial principles, and we possess an inexhaustible supply of self-service, hard work, and devotion. In this case, too, there is God's heaven and sunshine above us, and God's law about us, and we have the happy assurance that our farm is His, and He is likely to look after His own crops and cattle.—THE COMMANDANT.

"See you post, yonder?" said a comrade we met, and to whom we appealed for direction. He pointed over the sandy hill. "Well, that's the Danforth Avenue," he continued (we thought it looked like a telegraph pole, but we took his word in faith). "You cross that track, and then keep right straight ahead for a mile and a-half along the Woodbine Avenue, till you come to a little white rough-cast cottage by the roadside. You go past that a bit, and you see a square, red brick building set back among the apple-trees. Then you come to a big wooden gate, and that's the Farm. You go right in, and THERE YOU ARE."

Away we trudged, contented to know that we were on the right track at any rate.

This wasn't in the midst of the big demonstration, or the day of the picnic excursion; but simply a Saturday morning at the end of a work-a-day week.

The day was clear and pure after the heavy hail-storm. The road was soft with yellow sand, the sidewalk came to an end, and the wild flowers sprang more densely along the wayside; yarrow and snapdragon, marigolds and poison ivy, mingled with the blooming grasses waving in the wind, keeping time with the rhythm of the pattering leaves, and the recited ferns.

"Oh, the bliss of living!" said a celebrated Methodist minister, as he lay on his death-bed; but looking back over long years of joyful service spent for God.

"Oh, the bliss of living," we echoed, with throbbing pulse, as we watched the swallows in the hush of that country lane.

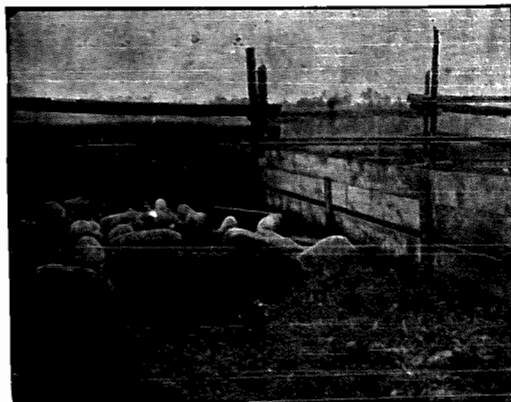
What infinite capacity for happiness we all have within us, and nothing can starve it out but sin. Thank God our Social and Salvation principles have never yet been parted. We never hinted such a thing as happiness, except to the man with conscience untroubled, and a soul set free.

Conscience, conscience! What is conscience? "Conscience," says Mrs. Booth, "is that faculty of the soul which pronounces on the character of our actions. This faculty is a constituent part of our nature, and is common to man everywhere and at all times. All men have a conscience—whether enlightened or unenlightened, active or torpid, there it is, it cannot be destroyed."

In the far distance now, we could see the little, white, rough-cast cottage, by the contrast of the dark pines beyond.

But why is it that if out of a thousand notes one little one rings false, whilst the nine hundred and ninety nine are true, why should the whole melody be set ajar—why should the whole face of the universe be clouded over—why? But it is so, all the same. You cannot drop that note right out of the song and leave it blank. The ghost of its silence haunts you. What a pity!

Then what though you look up through the matted branches of the maples to the clear heavens, what though the leaves are



THE PIGS.

green and the sky blue—you cannot see the face of God beyond!

Drop your eyes—the grass is still sweet and thick; and sparkling with ten thousand diamonds. Yes; but it hurts your very heart, for it speaks of tears!

The kind-voiced wind blows in your face, whispering, soothing, caressing—you only answer it with sighs and tears away. Why does it speak of peace, peace, when there is no peace? Then PRAY! You "cannot pray," you say? Why not?—Something against your brother?—Something against your God? Ah, no wonder the light went out, the music stopped! No, by all the powers that be, we will preach nothing less than a clean heart, and a clear conscience.

"But what has all this to do with the Farm?" says some one.

Well, everything. Is it not the key to the whole problem of existence, the root of Social Salvation?

"Is life worth living?"

Yes, in a prison, a dungeon, a slim collar; if your signal is all right, your soul at peace with God.

But otherwise, NO. Not in a millionaire's palace in velvet luxury with the beat of your feet.

So we came by the white cottage and reached the wooden gate, and stood again in deep upon

THE FARM. Social Salvation territory, where every man was working away as if for dear life, one ploughing, one hoeing, one weeding, one sowing.

Every moment was far too precious to waste in talk. So we had to "personally conduct" ourselves in a solitary ramble from field to field, over hill and down dale. "Where is the limit of our property?" we asked a brother with a hoe, who an-

swered us in jerks, as he charged at a bed of weeds between the onion rows, and fiercely rooted out a thistle as if it had been the very devil himself.

"See you far bush, yonder," he replied with his thumb, "So far as you can see and away beyond the barn there on the other side."

"Be off now," thundered Captain Rock, who was at work on his knees at the entrance to the Commandant's white tent in the shade of the orchard, hammering away for a wager you might think. This chilling greeting was not addressed to the WAR CRY, but to a roguish young colley who was bound to have a finger in the progress of the scheme, poking his nose amongst the tent-pegs.

"Are you saved?" we ventured to enquire of another comrade who was finger-finger for the crimson fruit amongst the damp leaves of the red currant bushes.

He paused a minute as he shook the ripe gathered fruit well levelled in the tin pail.

"I'd be very sorry if I wasn't," he replied with a pitying glance. "Yes, you can keep well saved on a farm." Mrs. Dodd came hurrying, smiling and flushed from the square-built red-brick farm house, with its broad wooden verandah. She hadn't white kid gloves and a parasol. She wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, and carried a knife in one hand, with a pail under her arm.

"I'm going to cut some beets for dinner, will you come too, we're so busy, you'll excuse me being in a hurry, won't you?" The Captain is gone to town with the milk this morning, and he's not back yet. The boys were a little late to-day, though they were up at half-past four, hunting the cows, for they had strayed all over the land.

it's His land," laughed a brother on his knees among the pansies. "What shall I do with this spinach—it's run to seed—shall I root it up?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Dodd, "don't do anything without orders." "The apple-trees suffered a bit yesterday, but it looks as though we are going to have a fine crop."

"The weeds grow fine, too," added the brother with the hoe, and down went another row of thistles, doomed to destruction in the bud.

"The Commandant and Headquarters people were here yesterday working like trojans, nearly thirty altogether."

Over Mount Zion, beyond the barn door, through the gate, down a steep hill, past the pig pens high and dry, we came by a running stream.

"Is this the River Jordan?" we asked of the group of men who were either mending the tubs of swill, gathered in the city that morning, or filling the troughs, or paying some kindly attention to the god-natural potter, who received their ministry with unmistakable grunts of entire satisfaction.

THE JORDAN. We have always felt a higher respect for the pig-tribe since the Commandant suggested the herd of swine only showed their common sense by drowning themselves when they found they were possessed by devils.

"Aye, this is the River Jordan," said the Lieutenant. Do you want to come over? Would you like to follow the cows a bit? Stay, I'll make a bridge for you, if you're not afraid to walk a plank, and suiting the action to the word, two long boards were thrown across.

Oh, that pretty little running river, with the range of imitation mountains on either side, and Mount of Olives with the Forest of Lebanon, and the wilderness plain. With rest and peace for tired officers who, by-and-bye, will come to recruit here. Indeed, a lovelier spot to stay no officer could desire. What a camping ground indeed for the city-weary workers to come and settle for a fortnight's respite and retreat. What solemn assemblies this spot is destined to realize in years to come. Truly this whole undertaking has a great future.

Once down by that babbling, babbling stream it was hard to leave at all. The fascination of the running water drew one with hypnotic influence. Here a cedar festooned with virginia creepers; there the earthly bank, overhanging the swollen current, doubling in reflection the gnarled and moss-grown trunks; on a broad leaf under a beautiful butterfly, fluttering the wings to recently unfolded from the chrysalis; now the plaintive notes of a song-bird; now in melody through the air; there a frog splashes into the cool brook; near by that aspen shivering in the breeze, a silver willow doubles and bows to the water. Here is rest on the banks of our river of Jordan.

THE JORDAN. MAY we not rest, too?

Why go back ever to that feverish state of the weary city?

Why let conscience bother? Is it always the voice of God? People have done strange things for conscience sake.

Ah! but you cannot rest, for all the fascination of the murmuring stream. In that city souls are dying; men and women struggling, starving for the Bread of Life; some whose days are filled with such bleak and dreary bitterness that they would fall, if they dared, seek rest beneath the surface of this quiet water. How easy it would be to end the heart-ache as one

Under the beautiful apple-trees, covered with small, green apples, the brown moist earth was scattered with fallen fruit.

SIX ACRES OF APPLES. "The hail-storm did that yesterday," continued Mrs. Dodd. "Such great heavy bits beat down, it's a wonder more damage wasn't done. We did have some glass smashed in the henner, but it's worse in other places."

"Perhaps the Lord preserved us, seeing



THE COWS.



Mrs. Patterson.
Drummer Band-Sergeant Kanbury.

Bandman Massey.
Bandman Frederick.

Bandman Ackerman.
Bandmaster J. Rosenberg.
Lieutenant Carter.

Bandman Lillis Ward.
Captain H. C. Kendall.
Bandman Jessie Shaw.

PICTON CORPS BRASS BAND.

and for ever! No, not for ever—that's the reb.

Leaving the deep ravine, we climbed again hill difficulty, and rested for a while on Zion's brow. At our feet far below we could see Staff-Captain Fry still tinkering away at the fence as earnestly and whole-souled as though he were revising his father's wonderful song—

"He's the Lily of the valley,
The bright and Morning Star."

Down by the ferns and blooming alders another group of workers were scattered round some curious arrangement for rolling the swill as it is brought from the town. Mixed with the sleepy grunts of satisfaction from the piggery came the "shrill-voiced carion" of the rooster in the rear, where the feathered tribe were scratching away as busily as if they also realized it was their duty to provide as many eggs as possible for our city institutions, and to assist the sub-margers of Toronto.

The hen-coops among the dappled shadows of the fruit trees covered many a brood of downy chicks, where hard-by the rabbits scudded to and fro.

To the right and the left stretched the pasture-land, where brown cows were browsing in

THIRTEEN COWS,
FOUR CALVES.

swart content amongst the rich herbage. No wonder we cannot supply the demand for butter at the store, for, "WHAT WE REEL YOU CAN RELY UPON."

Captain Locke was hammering as usual with an air of "victory or death."

"What are you making this time?" we queried.

"Well, I'm fixing just a small, light buggy to drive into town with."

"What are these big buildings?"

"This is the stable, that the barn, and under the henhouse. Come in and look. Its all whitewashed, you see. These are swinging-boards in the swill-troughs. There are the glass windows to the hen-house. By-and-bye we talk of heating it all with a furnace, and carrying the heat through to greenhouses beyond."

Everything was delightfully neat and in order, as a Salvation farmhouse should be.

"There are the stables, and arrangements are being made to accommodate

THREE HORSES.

more I believe."

So at last we returned towards home, past the old settler's log shanty, and into the cool kitchen and dining room of the hospitable farm-house, where Mrs. Dodd was setting the table for dinner.

"They all come in as no hunger here. You wouldn't believe the appetite the fresh air and out-of-door work gives them," she laughed.

We could believe her as we followed her down into the cool, crypt-like cellar, where along the scrubbed shelves the pans of milk were standing for the thick, yellow cream to rise, flanked with sealers of preserves.

With a last look, our eyes were comforted by the verse on the wall before the door:

"The Lord is Pitiful, and of Tender Mercy."

Then is it true God sees, as someone says:

"With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for our faults."

But that cannot mean He winks at evil. No!

Salvation by the blood of Jesus for the rich and poor alike.

The wooden gate swung to behind us outside now in the lane. One more look at the Land of

THE CROPS.

Promises, green and flourishing. Ten acres of hay, nine of oats, seven of peas, six of potatoes, three of corn, tomatoes, cabbage, parsnips, beets, onions, raspberries, currants—what else? The War Cry does not know. Perhaps Staff-Captain McMillan might tell you if you want to find out.

BURNES AYRES Social Work has had its income from donations doubled this past year. 5,352 people slept in the Shelter, and 9,553 meals were supplied.

Bayfield is still on the move. Since last report FOUR precious souls have sought and found pardon, after proving that the pleasures of this world does not bring satisfaction to the soul. We are praying and living for greater things in the future.—Lieutenant MORRISON for Captain CHAMBER.

Victoria, B.C.—Another week of victory, halcyon! Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald led all day Sunday. Good meetings right from knee-drill. At night, two backsliders came home to stay. The heavenly gates are blowing. Look out for something special next week.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Bracebridge.—We are not dead yet, nor asleep, although the devil would like us to be. Our crowds are rather small owing to the free Methodist camp meetings. God is on our side, and we are in for victory every time. Since the English has gone away to the C.P., we have had FIVE for salvation, and ONE for sanctification. Thank God we are on the rise; hoping to send you better news next week.—Lieutenant BARKER, for Mrs. DOWNER.

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

FATHER ISAIAH, preaching in a church in Lombard Street, gave out this hymn, and when it was ended he slowly repeated the line—

"Dennais my soul, my life, my all,"

and proceeded, "Well, I am surprised to hear you sang that. Did you know that altogether you only put fifteen shillings into the collection this morning?"

The Testimonies of the Picton Band.

I am saved and sanctified this morning. I am a Salvationist, and have been this last four years and a half. I only have one purpose of heart, and that is, to urge sinners by my life and testimony to Christ. I mean to despise the devil of lukewarmness.—H. C. KENDALL, Captain.

Jesus leads me day by day, and gives me victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and helps me to do everything for His glory.—Lieutenant CARTER.

After four years a Salvationist, I am not the least bit tired of the fight. I am in the band just to the glory of God and to the extension of His Kingdom. My desire is to be true to the Army and God.—Band-Sergeant DAUBNEY.

I am glad that a little over three years ago I made up my mind to constantly serve God, and with all my power to love, worship, and obey Him, and to do all that I possibly can to make everybody else do the same.—Bandmaster B. ROSENBERG.

Now, there is Bandman ACKERMAN, he handles the eighty-one-ton gun. He is a proper go-ahead, set-the-world-on-fire-sort-of-a-fellow. He should soon have the yellow head on. Keep believing.—H. KENDALL.

Now, there is Bandman FREDERICK, he is a young blood; he should go to the front of the battle, too.

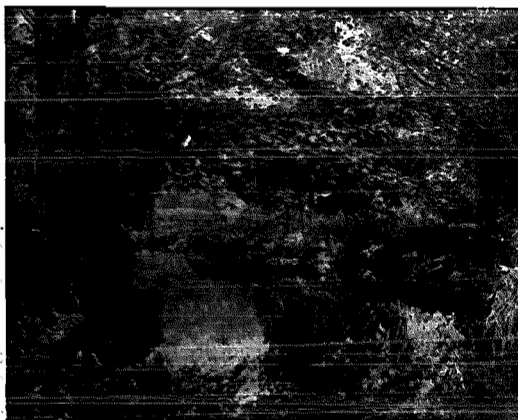
Why I am in the Army and play in the Army and play in the band: First, because I believe the Army is of God. Second, because it is doing a work that no other church is doing. Third, they have freedom and unity. Fourth, because I was converted in the Army. Fifth, I love it with all my heart: I am a Salvationist.—Band-Lessie JESSIE SHAW.

Thank God I am saved and serving God out of pure love. I am a soldier and a bandwoman, not from any selfish motive, but for the Kingdom's sake alone.—Band-Lessie Mrs. PATTERSON.

I praise God for His keeping power, and whatever I do, I want to do to the glory of God and souls, and to extend His Kingdom.—Band-Lessie LILLIS WARD.

There is Band-Lessie MASSEY, she is a gritty, dare-devil Salvationist. If she would only obey God, no doubt she would be to the front of the fight.

A Rev. Mr. James, from the China Inland Mission, called at the Ceylon Headquarters recently, on his way home to England after ten years' service in China. He got converted, over twelve years ago, at the old Headquarters in Whitechapel Road, London. He is still an Auxiliary, and loves the Work very much. This is another illustration of the wonderful way God has blessed the Army.



THE RIVER JORDAN.



THE LATEST UP TO DATE.

International Headquarters, London, England.—Arrival of Commander Ballington Booth and a troupe of colored soldiers, Majors, Staff-Captains, Field Officers, Japs, Spaniards, Outriders, Swedes, etc.

The American Congress party arrived in the Mersey on Saturday morning, per that smart Atlantic greyhound, the *Campania*. All the way across the deck, rolling sea, the party, numbering, all told, nineteen (to be largely reinforced during the next two or three days), ploughed away at salvation. Commander Ballington Booth composed songs, and the colored chaps sang them. Meetings were held all over the ship—stween decks, in the intermediate saloon, above, below, fore and aft, under the awnings, with big and small audiences—in fact, it has been salvation 3,000 miles long.

Every day brings some fresh face from the other ends of the earth. A group of New Zealanders laid siege to us on Saturday, and when our representative grasped Commander Ballington's hand yesterday at Sheffield, there was something Atlantic and American about it. It was the squeeze of a man of big faith, with big fights, big victories, and big prospects to report.

The latest about Commissioner Coombe is that he keeps his staff, as well as himself, well employed.

The Indians and Maoris are running it close. They will just get here in time to be volleyed on to Exeter Hall platform next Monday night.

Night and day have lost their distinctions with many of the staff recently. Major Barritt says hard toil in Melbourne with the sun 110 degrees in the shade is cool compared with the sweating he has had of late.

New York.—If one Commander has been taken, the other has been left, and the presence of Mrs. Booth at the Tuesday noonday meeting was a treat. We know no one more apt at illustration than Mrs. Booth, and she certainly knows how and when to use them, and what particular language to clothe them with. The meeting was crowded, and four snelt before God.

Thursday, the interesting ceremony at Fourteenth Street took place. As most Salvation Army affairs have a habit of doing, the event got into the papers before it happened. The Building Scheme is now fairly launched; the excavations for the foundations must be all but completed at time of writing, and the work will go right along.

Friday, Mrs. Booth led a large and influential Auxiliary meeting at Newark, securing thirty-six new Leaguers.

Excitement and enthusiasm over the Jubilee Schemes is perfectly legitimate; this for the information of the staid and "established." Indeed, the person who doesn't excite and enthuse a little over the occasion must be of a very phlegmatic disposition and must be a very young convert, or else need another dip in the fountain. The various booms are being loyally and wholeheartedly taken up by some, and will soon, we trust, by all, for unless the effort be a united one we shall fail somewhere.

The increasing of Candidates, Juniors and Publications forms just now a triple-headed boom, and one which is being rushed forward by all legal and possible means.

Kingston, Jamaica.—The raising of a Thanksgiving Fund is part of the Jubilee campaign. This we are having in August, and so uniting it to the August Gift Fund. We want by a special united effort to raise £50.

The money is to be used towards clearing the debt of £109 7s 7½d shown in the balance sheet of our Christmas *War Cry*, and thus leave us less fettered to push forward the work in Jamaica with greater energy.

JAMAICA HEADQUARTERS ON TOR.—The Editor reckons that in two years' service in Jamaica, in many ways, she has been highly honored. At one time a D. O. painted sign-boards and helped to enlarge the barracks, at another the Territorial Commander fixed benches in an empty hall, and in her present capacity is acting Editor to a *War Cry*, for which the Territorial leader has cut the blocks. The Editor said to the Major—a frontispiece after this style would be good for the week of Reconciliation! Major agreed, and for the result see the front page—the block being designed and cut by Major Rolfe.

Officers will fill up a form at the close of Reconciliation week saying how many backsliders have returned, if they will become soldiers, or what church they join.



PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant White, late of Collingwood, promoted Captain.

Lieutenant Mountney, late of Bowmanville, promoted Captain.

Lieutenant Omsdock, Western Province, promoted Captain.

Lieutenant Neale, Seaford, promoted Captain.

Cadet Burrows, late Lingar Street Garrison, promoted Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Captain Omsdock, to Thorford.

Captain Neale, to Seaford.

Captain Mountney, to Welland.

Captain White, to Shelburne.

Lieutenant Burrows, to Niagara Falls.

MARRIED—

ADJUTANT TAYLOR, who came out from Hampton, to ENRIEN WILLIAMS, who came out from Fredericton, married, at Brockville, Ont.

HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner.

Two-Week Headquarters, Toronto, Ontario.

Halifax 1.—On Monday night we had Lieutenant Pugh with us, the Grace-before-meet box agent, and on Thursday night Ensign Hunter dedicated to the Lord and the S. A. the child of Secretary and Mrs. Winnett; and in the Sunday night meeting two souls sought salvation.

Territorial Headquarters.

Noor, 14th July, 1894.

The Commandant has been so exhausted, that the Editor out of sheer pity refused to press for the usual Territorial Topics. Our readers have no doubt missed those interesting notes; but we apologize, and will promise by way of making up for the past, one of the Commandant's Bible readings at no distant date.

Mrs. Booth is at the Farm. She is supposed to be resting, but we find that she is doing much of her own correspondence, and thus settling free Adjutant Jones for the office work. Mrs. Booth is also making her rest the opportunity for interviewing many of the women-officers of her staff.

On Wednesday, the lands-cadets of Ligar Street, visited the Farm.

The new yacht is nearly ready for active service—the selection of the crew is almost complete.

Captain Cook, the genial Headquarters janitor, has been appointed to the charge of the Chicken Farm, an undertaking of no small importance, as any person may know who visits the Farm, and sees the great extent of the well-constructed hen-roost.

Captain Cook starts business with over 500 tiny chickens, not counting old birds and the famous John L. Sullivan, the boss rooster, who fought so terribly the first day he "joined 'em."

The Commandant, Brigadier Holland, Major Bennett, and Staff-Captain McMillan dined at the Lifeboat yesterday. They dropped in quite unexpectedly for the purpose of testing the quality of the food supplied, and expressed themselves highly satisfied with the provision served them.

Halifax Shelter is making capital progress. Major Morris called there on his way back from June Congress and reports good.

Joe Beaf is still leading the van in the Shelter line. Cadet Chaplin has been transferred from the Lifeboat to the Moulton Institution.

Another wood yard will shortly be opened in Toronto.

At the Mercer one evening this week, during a meeting held by Ensign Hilt, three beautiful cases of conversion were registered. One of the three, a colored girl, when she got saved, went to the other women still in their seats, and with the tears streaming down her face, begged them to come to Jesus, too. One girl went to the Rescue Home, from the Mercer, back with the Ensign.

WEDNESDAY, N.S.—God called our faithful comrade, Charles Osholm, to glory, July 12th.—ALFRED JENNINGS, Captain.

God be with those who mourn his loss. Brigadier Scott writes "The baby took sick yesterday; nothing seemingly serious; but last night she took convulsions and had eight long hours of hard suffering. Poor little darling, how she did suffer. About three this morning she seemed to get round and quiet. She appears to be better. We are most anxious for the next twelve hours and earnestly pray that the little one may live."

Jesus raised the daughter of Jairus and why not my little Gertie. I am holding on as well as I can to the promise.

Remember us when praying.

God bless you much, yours and His always—T. W. SCOTT.

[We will remember you, Brigadier and Mrs. Scott.—Ed.]

THE SALVATION NAVY.—The Naval Brigade with the smart screw steamer *William Booth*, under the command of the Commandant, will visit Hamilton Wednesday, August 1; St. Catharines, Thursday, August 2; Niagara Falls, Friday, August 3; Toronto, August 4.

This brigade consists of about twelve picked men, who will sing and pray for God and souls. The band will be under the leadership of Staff-Captain Fry. For further particulars see local announcements.

The Grace-before-Meet agents are tolling bravely. Adjutant Magee recently at Fliton had the joy of seeing five souls at the Cross.

Adjutant Manton, Captain Cook, and Lieut. Pugh are also having good times.

Will all the G. B. M. local agents, please arrange that the collections of the contents of the boxes shall take place by the 30th of this month!

P. S. Read's latest despatch states that at a meeting he held, six comrades signed



- 1—A MODERN ENTERPRISE OF GREAT POWER.
- 2—THE LAFAYETTE. OUR PLATFORM—"Have You a Sister?" by the General.
- 3—DOMINION DAY.—The Commandant Reads the Troops at Orlins.
- 4—EASTERN PROVINCE NOTES. SELECT FIGHTERS. "NOT FOR ME."
- 5—"AN AXE!" "AN AXE!" ST. JOHN'S PARISHIONER CHURCH. FROM THE LAFAYETTE. CONSPIRACY OF BARRICK.
- 6—OUR MEDITERRANEAN CASABLANCA—The Social Firm, Toronto.
- 7—PICTON CORPS DRUM BEATS.
- 8—COMMODORE'S BULLETIN. TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS. LEADERS.
- 9—THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE MESSAGE.
- 10—A WINTERER IN THE ORION JUNGLE.
- 11—REV. CHARLES J. CAMERON, M.A., Brockville, EAST OTTAWA PROVINCE, DOMINION DAY AT THE ISLAND. TRADING FOR GOD.
- 12—GREAT OUNT MEETING OF PORTAGE IN FRANCE.
- 13—MR. DE BARBARIE AND THE LATELY MARRIED ADJUTANT AT BOWMANVILLE.
- 14—"WAR CRY" OFFICE TALK.
- 15—HOW THEY FINE. GREAT WAR OF GREAT MATTER. REPORTS.
- 16—GOD BLESS EVERYONE. ROOMS HALL. COMING EVENTS, ETC.
- 17—BONUS FOR ALL MEETING, ETC.

forms of application for the work on this knees.

A cable has been received by the Commandant, stating that the General will arrive in Canada earlier than expected, he will carry out part of his Canadian campaign before going to the States.

The Commandant has been very busy during the week drafting the arrangements for the General's visit. Look out for next week's Territorial Topics for some more surprises!

The Canadian C.P. party, in company with their U.S.A. cousins, and the Jamaica party, are to do a Salvation tour through England.

Brigadier Holland goes to London on Friday on business, in connection with the building the Army recently acquired there.

The Commandant and a party of Headquarters Staff made a trial trip on the new yacht on Tuesday. She behaved well.

Mrs. Booth will visit the Forest City, and conduct the opening of London's new Citadel, July 29th and 30th.



TORONTO, JULY 21, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, July 12, 1894.

THE GENERAL.

We sound, to-day, the bugle call to rally.

"The General is coming three months earlier; I shall have to work night and day." Thus spoke the Commandant as the Editor entered his office yesterday. The news will cause a quickening of the pulse and a brightening of the eye of every Salvationist and thousands of lovers of righteousness the Dominion through. We have a leader who has made the civilized world stop and look at the hand of God visibly displayed in the work of the Salvation Army! We have a standing miracle in the world that is the puzzle of skepticism! All the world has heard the nineteenth century battle cry, "The sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army." Let us praise God for such a God-honored leader, and let us resolve to let him see that we recognize him as a God-sent man.

It is all sheer waste to break the

General's Jubilee Message.

The Jubilee Message Sheet plan which was carried out in connection with our Floral Festival in this territory has been also used in each of the territories in other parts of the world. The following is the General's reply to all:—

FROM THE GENERAL,

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,
101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, E. C.

MY COMRADES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.—

Ten thousand thousand thanks for all the kind messages you have sent me. They cannot be acknowledged one by one; necessity, therefore, compels me to send you, in this general form, the expression of my heartiest and everlasting gratitude. I am sure that you will accept it.

I shall often look into the precious volumes in which your loved messages are to be preserved, and shall doubtless derive cheer and courage from them in coming hours of battle and storm. They will strengthen my faith, stimulate my courage and help me to keep going ahead, until the summons of my Lord calls me higher, and the fragrant aroma of your affectionate remembrances will follow me there.

Let me now send back to your hearts every loving wish you have sent to mine, with, if possible, intensified desires and prayers that all you have asked of God for the way, in infinite mercy, and that in the fullest measure, be given to you. And now, what can I say further in reply, except it be to repeat that which, in so many different ways, and at so many different times, I have said to you before.

1. I want you to stand up boldly for Jehovah. Everywhere you will find a growing disposition in favor of shutting Him out of His own world, especially when it comes to the business of mending it. Perhaps we have not just now so many loud, open-mouthed attacks upon the existence, and laws, and government of the Almighty as in by-gone days. In our time men simply turn their backs upon Him, treating Him and His claims with indifference, if not with contempt. "Jehovah—the Jehovah of the Bible—did very well for the world in its infancy," they will say, "but in this stage of keen scientific research and high-class culture, with our heads reaching to the very stars, the world can dispense with the fable of an all-powerful, all-governing, all-wise and benevolent Sovereign." That is the notion of sadly too many, my comrades, but you must stand up for Him wherever you go.

2. Stand by God's remedy.—Jesus is the Saviour of the world. There is none other name given under heaven whereby men can be saved. All manner of quackeries and impositions are being

advertised as cures for the sins and sorrows of the race. But while you will respect every sincere endeavor made to help the world, you must *boldly and unflinchingly stick to the Cross*, and go on with your song,

"I want no other argument, I want no other plan,
It is enough that Jesus died, and that He died for me."

3. Hold on to Full Salvation.—Deliverance from all sin in this life is your birthright. Claim it! Live it! Walk the earth in white raiment. Keep unspotted from the world by the power of the Holy Ghost, and go to heaven arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of saints, to be welcomed there by that innumerable multitude clad in snowy garments who, when on earth, washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

4. Love one another.—Not only in word, but in deed, proving it by preventing backsliding, helping in poverty, nursing in sickness, counselling in perplexity, comforting in sorrow and cheering in death.

5. Be soldiers.—Don't shirk the conflict. Acquit yourselves as true warriors and faithful servants of your crucified Lord.

You have the noblest cause possible to contend for the deliverance of the world from the damnation of the devil, the reign of sin and an universal, pitiless deluge of woe.

You have the grandest of Leaders.—All the world's ways and generals and wise men and great men rolled into one, would not compare with our great Captain, who is assuredly going to be the Conqueror of every foe.

You have a marvellous Organisation.—I who understand it say so; I who know the other organizations, secular and religious, past and present, say so; and every man who knows the government of the Salvation Army, and has the sense to understand it says so too.

You have faithful Comrades.—They have ability and experience and intelligence and devotion. You cannot very well fix their value too highly. If they were for sale, what a royal ransom the Devil would give for them! The churches would buy them up let the terms be what they might; but they are not to be bought with money, nor are they mine to sell. They are the property of High Heaven, and all the world's silver and all the devil's gold would not buy them.

You have an unequalled record of Successes.—There are the successes behind, the successes on either side of you and the successes right ahead of you. You have successes in your own lives and in your neighbors' lives. You have successes in your own land and throughout the wide world.

You are changing the destinies of men, stamping the Divine Impress upon the character of coming nations, thwarting the plans and purposes of the young lion of Hell, preparing inhabitants for the Heavens and the New Earth, and generally speaking, making history that will interest the universe throughout Eternity.

A glorious Reward awaits you.—None of your sacrifices for Him and His Kingdom, and His people are overlooked. Your deeds of Daring are in His book. Your tears are in His keeping, your names are on His heart. Your mansions are being prepared under His direction, and your crowns and thrones will be ready when your work is done. Be sure and be faithful—more faithful in the future than in the past. *Be faithful unto death.*

Now on the top of all this, I want again to say *FIGHT, fight for your King.* Is He not worthy of your life's labor and your life's blood?

Fight for your Christ.—Did He not fight for you?

Fight for the People.—Contend with Satan for the bodies and souls of the men and of the women and children, who are going to hell right before your eyes. *Fight for the children—your own children—somebody else's children.* Fight for the precious children.

Attack the evils at your own door.—Show no favor. *"All unrighteousness is sin."* No matter how educated, refined or dressed up it may be. All cures, they say, go home to roost. So, whether sin rides in a carriage or travels on foot, it comes from Hell, has Hell in it, and is bound to return to the place from whence it came.

Attack the Fiends in possession.—Show them no mercy. If human fiends hunt them to their knees and forgive them only at the Mercy Seat. If hellish fiends get them out of the men into the swine. Drive them unto the sea. Anywhere, anywhere out of the world.

Fight regardless of your earthly interests. Your ease, your health, your life if needs be. Don't weep and wail too much, if you are struck back, and wounded and crucified, by either rapid or slow processes. "For unto you it is given on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him but also to suffer for His sake."

In all have patience and pity for the wrongdoers, seeking before everything else to pull them out of the fire of their sins and rescue them from "the wrath to come." And always think of me as

Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

alabaster boxes of precious ointment over the dead and merely anoint their memory with its fragrance, if the greatest thing of the century has been accomplished, and if General Booth in the man whom God has chosen to pioneer and head this work of grace, then let every man off with his cap and send a ringing hurra that will echo from one end of the great Dominion to the other, that will nerve the heart of the great Army (Chieftain to a continuance of the grand endeavor to bless the bodies and souls of men. Let it be a shout of such faith in God and such faith in the grace of God in man that the effort will be like the famous attack of Gideon's three hundred on the Midianite camp, when the battle cry of "The Sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army" of that day broke the ranks of the enemy and made Israel over again princes and prevailed over all their enemies.

THE JUBILEE PROGRAM.

The six Provincial Officers of Canada, upon whom, as the Commandant's representatives at each of the centres of the vast Canadian field, the carrying out of the great Jubilee program devolves, are each fully awake to the opportunity and responsibility of the hour. There should

be the utmost co-operation between the P. O.'s and the D. O.'s in bringing every one of the schemes in the respective Provinces to full fruition, and the more so in view of the General's recent decision to visit Canada prior to visiting the United States, which will bring him on the ground here three months earlier than as previously arranged. To all appearance the far away West will not be behind in showing its share of the Jubilee program completed when our great leader comes. Recent despatches show that Adjutant Archibald is leaving no stone unturned to reach the goal set before him. We hear he is far from well, but he must remember not only to win, but to live, too. God bless the golden West.

THE NAVY.

The Commandant here at the wheel of the ship is in common with the P.O.'s, right up to time on the Jubilee program. The latest acquisition being a sound, fast steam yacht, a most sea-worthy vessel, which, by the time this reaches our readers, will be in readiness for her first sortie. The Army is making slow but sure progress on the naval line. We hope, eventually to have a good fleet of salvation war ships afloat equal to the needs

of our floating populations the world over. At present our new yacht will be used for touring the lakes, touching at the towns on both the Canadian and American sides, a decent in each case being made on the town and a Salvation bombardment effected.

This month's *All the World* is the General's Jubilee number. It is a mere waste of words to say that it is full of interest and unexpected variety—that goes without saying. Everybody knows that *All the World* is constantly charming and frank, quaint, and spiritual, both as to substance and matter. All absorbing in its powerful force and vitality is the service with the General by Colonel Wood, "Fifty Years' Salvation Service. Some of its lessons and results."

THE colors of mourning. It is singular to observe the different colors different countries have adopted for mourning. In Europe black is generally used as representing darkness, death; in China white is used, because they have time the dead are in a place of purity; in Egypt, yellow, representing the decay of the great pyramids; in Russia, brown, the color of the earth from whence man is taken and to which he returns; in some parts of Turkey, blue, representing the sky, where they hope the dead have gone, but in other parts purple or violet, because being a kind of mixture of black and white it represents, as it were, sorrow on one side and hope on the other.

SEVENTY per cent. of the women who passed through the Rangoon Homes, New Zealand, last year, are doing well.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Charlotte Elliott was born at Brighton a century ago. One of her grandfathers was Henry Venn, of holy memory, author of "The Complete Duty of Man," and honored for his grace and gifts. The home and surroundings into which she was born were pious, cultured, musical, artistic, and happy.

From a comparatively early age she was a sufferer, and by-and-by, when forty, became a helpless, incurable invalid. Dr. Oscar Malet, of Geneva, was on a visit at her father's home in Brighton, when he became acquainted with her case. He found her trying to work out her own righteousness, only looking to Christ to make up for her failures, unwilling to trust Him entirely. He is reported to have urged her: "Out the cable, it will take too long to unlouse it; cut it; it is a small loss; the wind blows and the ocean is before you—the Spirit of God and eternity."

There is no blood in the preaching that never makes the devil mad.

When you get a giant down, never leave him till you have cut off his head.

NOZDROU and the Cross of Christ can set other crosses straight.

PATIENCE endurance will soften every thorn point which places us in the service.

THE veil which covers the face of Fatality is woven by the hand of mercy.

To be unwilling to forgive an offense is to provoke the wrath of both heaven and earth.

RECKLESS is not the test of youth, because youth means always the test of attack.



A WESTERNER

— IN THE —

Ceylon Jungles.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED FOR THE
CANADIAN WAR CRY BY LIEUT.
DEVA SINGHA.

Graphic Word Portraiture of Gingeless Life.

MAGNIFICENT CATCH OF SOULS.

There are few people who look very dignified when running to catch a train, especially if they happen to be hampered with a bundle, or umbrella, and dressed in a semi-feminine fashion; but time and trains wait for no man, not even Salvationists. My bundle, umbrella and self did my friend good service in blocking up the passage while he secured tickets, then like an entering tide they all rushed in, elbowing and pushing like Cockney excursions on a bank holiday, only minus the shouting.

We squeezed ourselves into a carriage between some fat Hindoos with very few clothes on them; in front were some Mohammedans and a

Sober, Serious Looking Gingeless.

I divided my time between a *Darkest England* Geste, the passengers, and the scenery. Where were my fellow-passengers going? What did they think of us? Their hopes? Had Jesus Christ no claims on them, for they certainly know the story of the Cross, but what did they think of Jesus Christ? I should have liked to question them. A hundred questions I had to ask, but my lips were sealed.

Out of my paper came stories of sin, suffering, pathetic tales of wrong-doing, and its consequences, struggles against vice and poverty—how strangely they are linked together; the sin and suffering seemed all the more real when contrasted with the

Beauty and Peace Without;

they threw each other into boldest relief, both drawing and repelling.

At about fifty miles from Colombo we were joined by a party of jungle officers and their D. O. It was my first sight of jungle warriors, who are not by any means prepossessing; nearly all young men, with the exception of one, a typical Salvation Army convert, an ex-drunkard Buddhist, who had been a perfect terror to the villagers; but eight or nine years ago he was converted, and has stood true ever since. He had a pair of miniature cymbals in his hand, which he kept clapping all the time to his singing, which was continuous, except when he stopped to take breath, when he would look at me and say, "Glory be to God!" in good English. He had travelled in England and learned a little English, but his imperviousness of an English Captain asking for a collection was to me proof that he had kept his eyes open as well as his ears; it was perfect; he wound up with a long drawn—

"Lor' Bros You, Ebory One."

The youngest officers had long hair and short, stubby whiskers, which gave them rather a wild look; some were very dark, others only swarthy, but they had all the same black, star-like eyes, which gleamed and flashed with much rapidity as they sung songs and choruses, not one syllable of which I understood. I felt how one the blood of Christ makes all men.

About twenty miles further on we stopped at a little station with a most unpromising and equally unspectable name, where the

local Captain, with his Lieutenant, met us with his drum, which was left at the station while we set off to a cave.

The way to the cave led over some hills, planted with tea; along narrow footpaths, which necessitated us walking single file down across a large ravine, over some paddy fields (rice fields) till we came to

The Cave, where Breakfast Awaited

us, and I was initiated into the mystery of eating rice and curry with the fingers. Oh, it's quite simple to gather the rice into nice little balls and thrust it into your mouth. Just watch some of the natives how they mix the curry up with the rice. I did so, but I really could not restrain the tears; they would come in spite of me; large and hot they flowed. "Was I thick?" someone asked in a gentle tone, while the D. O. lay up against the rocks and roared with laughter. My stomach felt on fire, my throat a flaming tube; was there no mountain stream near where I could lie down and let it run down my throat to quench the fire within?

Also, also in my innocence I had followed the example set before me, and indiscriminately mixed and eaten the curries. But I have learned better now; experience has taught me that "they bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

After breakfast we walked back to the station and held an open-air meeting, followed by a short indoor meeting in the school-room tent for the evening; the attendance was somewhat marred by the rain, but the people listened very attentively with moist looks on their faces. The only thing which relieved the solemnity being an occasional gleam of the wonderful eyes.

The road to the officers' quarters lay some three miles beyond the cave where we breakfasted, and hid prettily amongst the trees, but after leaving the cave the way

Led Through the Jungle

and across paddy fields. My turban came to grief in the jungle. The trees grow in thick profusion; wild plants, large spreading trees with a leaf like the Canadian fir, homes of monkeys, parrots, and squirrels, and hundreds of lovely plumed birds, while the thick undergrowth swarms with lizards and snakes, which crawl and circle amongst the ferns, overhanging the low little streams which interlace the jungle, ending their course in some of the swamps or helping to flood the rice fields in the valleys.

The paddy fields are owned and worked by the villagers.

Damp, Unhealthy Work

It is, especially when transplanting, the workmen being compelled to stand all day in the water varying from nine to eighteen inches in depth, while the tropical sun beats down on them.

We had to cross several fields, which is very easy when dry, but when raining and loaded with rags and umbrellas it is quite a difficult task to perform, as a slip means being launched into the water and mud, and no one sympathizes with the unfortunate one, as I found out it was an unwritten law that everybody laughs at the poor unfortunate.

After walking nearly a mile up a valley in paddy (rice) the leader cut through a piece of jungle into an open space where the quarters stood—a square house 12x14, mud walled and tiled roof. At this particular station they were in want of a barracks. We all crowded into an outer room, thirteen of us,

Ringed Wet, Hungry, and Tired,

yet, withal, happy, in spite of the discomforts.

After supper (I picked the curries) we adjourned to the Sergeant-Major's house to sleep. He put us up in a long room, provided three beds, one for the A. D. C., another for the D. O., and the third for the stranger, while the rest stretched themselves out on the floor "a la domer." I went to sleep convinced that happiness was

after all the most comparative thing in the world.

Next day was a battle for souls, winding up with a half-night of prayer. Everybody mustered at the officers' quarters for kneed drill. After prayer the officers were paired off for soul-hunting. The people live long distances apart, and it is almost impossible to gather them together for meetings except on Sunday afternoons, so the officer's time, even when stationed, is all occupied with visiting, and his converts are converted while visiting; when a man, woman, or child is met in jungle track, road, field, or house, he is talked and prayed with.

Whether He Objects or Not.

It was visiting like that the officers were sent to do; if they were offered food, good and well, if not they did without till night. The visitors and the D. O. were led by the Captain to search for a becalmed sergeant, who was discovered in the middle of a paddy field, but on noticing us he left his work and came along to welcome us. Following him, we left the field, scrambled through a piece of jungle to a cleared place, which led up to his house—a well-built place, fronted with a large verandah, supported by four massive columns which considerably enhanced its appearance. The rooms within were large and cool. Almost instantly they began to deal with him about his soul; he seemed hard, then we all knelt down to pray. We prayed and sung, but

No Light.

The D. O. took him into another room, while we prayed; they came back, but still no victory. The A. D. C. suggested that the Captain and I retire while they dealt with him alone. So leaving them, we went out to the verandah, when I began to ask the names of the trees. He looked at me incredulously, and if I read his thoughts aright, he was pitying me for my ignorance in not knowing the difference between pepper and cinnamon trees. I explained that I had never seen them growing before, so straight away he began to enlighten me. Pepper, cinnamon, coffee, cloves, were quickly plucked for my inspection; flowers, eastern, western, and

Semi-Western Gigantic Sun-Flowers,

little sweet-smelling white flowers. Oh, what a paradise!

But my brainning was cut short by a shout from within. So leaving our collection, with a little regret, we went inside to find the officers' faces all aglow with joy. The grim-looking ex-backslider stood in the middle of the room with one of his children in his arms, while two larger ones eyed us very solemnly. There was an awkward

pause. I felt unutterably happy. God had gained a victory.

So I pulled myself together and invited them to a few steps of the "highest thing." The children fled like frightened hares. The officers laughed till they showed their pearly white teeth, even the grim-faced sergeant relaxed, smiled, and actually laughed, the "bairns" peeped shyly into the door at the sound of the laughter, but would venture no further. We all sang,

"Gone is my Burden,"

and committed the ex-backslider to God Who is able to keep that which He has committed unto Him.

We went back to the quarters to await the arrival of the soul-hunters. It was nearly sunset when the last pair came in with their report of souls, which brought the total up to thirty-two, won from darkness to light, and God alone knows how dark Buddhism is. One begins to understand the true meaning of the words "darkness to light" when Buddhism is looked into. It offers no light, hope or deliverance from sin in this life, and nothing in the life to come. A missionary who has spent years laboring amongst them very aptly describes it as "darkness."

After supper in the Sergeant-Major's house, we all gathered together round the drum, on which was placed a large metal light, the tri-colored flag brought and held over us all, while the last-born child of the Sergeant-Major was

Laid Alongside the Drum,

the red jackets and dark, gleaming eyes of the natives gave the gathering a weird, unearthly appearance as the light was solemnly handed back to God in the sure way that hundreds of its better-formed brothers and sisters are right round the world, to live, fight and die for God and the Army. The prayer began immediately after, each praying as I have never heard before. I have listened to prayers chanted in a Spanish Cathedral, prayers by newborn Italians in the first flash of their love, to the prayers of whole-souled Sam Englishmen when they have literally

Growned in Their Souls' Agony.

I have seen soul-wrestling by Scotch Presbyterians, but they are all tame compared to the delicious abandon there is in a heathen convert's prayer. They seem to be trying to make up for ages they have been powerless. There is something unearthly and awe-inspiring in it. Their singing is peculiar—no softness nor expression in it, all "creendo"—the expression is in their faces which are most expressive—now darkening and terrible; again, vividly illuminated as they feel the presence and power of God. It was all so strange to me, yet not new. Had I not often read of the early Christians meeting by stealth in the night, praying for heathen Rome.

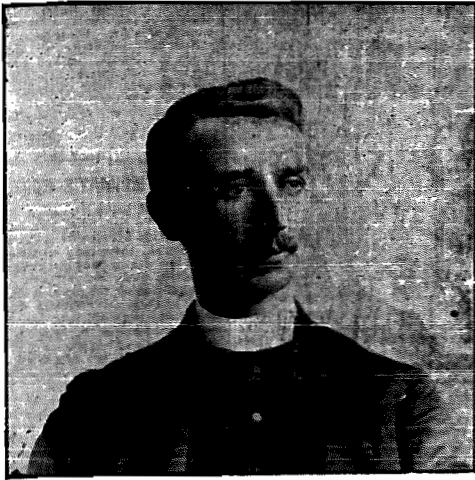
Waldensians,

in their mountain fastnesses, took up the strain; Scotch Protestants, at the Reformation, followed, till the Gospel has spread all over the Western world. In the East the praying spirit has taken hold, and by faith we can see the day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the land as the waters cover the mighty deep. God hasten the day!

THIRTY officers, five hundred soldiers, and the increase of the Ceylon circulation to twenty thousand is the target for the new crusade in New Zealand.



There is no city on the continent of America whose residents and visitors enjoy greater advantages in the way of an infinite variety of beautiful natural scenery and pleasure resorts within easy access than Brockville.



REV. CHARLES J. CAMERON, M.A., Brockville.

East Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Major Complin and YarrillGom Nigme got us the "WAR CRY Song." Two at the drumhead. More followed inside. Hurrah for Jesus!

Yes, sir; 'tis quite true Major Complin spent Saturday and Sunday with the Kingston Braves. Open-air good; ditto, indoor meetings. Band and comrades worked well. God was glorified, hell disappointed, and comrades happy. Hallelujah.

The Major treated us to the "WAR CRY Song" on Saturday night.

YarrillGom Nigme acted as Sergeant Brown, who did splendidly. In order for us to get out quick, we shut down early, and picked our tent on the Market Square. We said forth until ten p.m., and then cried quits.

Two men knelt at the drumhead, one a backslider, the other a Roman Catholic. The latter did not come out so bright; yet, no doubt, was sick of his life and misery. The other testified to obtaining salvation. So much for the open-air. Blessed be God.

SUNDAY, SOULS SOUGHT ALVATION.

which cheered us immensely, and all tended to spur us on to greater conquests for the Kingdom. Good knee-drill; nice crowd present. What about you, you absentees?

The Major gave us a bit of warfare in Australia, taking us around the concern in great style. We fancied ourselves—well, ah—perhaps we had better not say. However, we rejoice at the good accomplished in that land. God speed the Army.

A good wind-up at night finished the day. Fire came out. "We had music and dancing within," and behind I see some were determined to have it without as well. Let me see, who was it that grabbed the Major and gave him a spin? Perhaps I'd better not tell. Anyway, we had a good day, and heartily say, "Come again, Major."

WHEN, WHERE, HO?

Wait a bit, my friend, "all things come to them that wait." So it appears in the case of Adjutant Taylor and Ensign Williams, who were

Duly,
Seriously, and
Solemnly married
in Brockville, on Monday, July 2nd.

The Adjutant has waited a long time—not quite so long as Jacob, though—and is now rewarded by a good wife and helpmate. Congratulations, Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor. Heaven's blessing on your union and future welfare.

Corwell will miss the Adjutant for a few days, but will arrange a grand welcome to him and his beloved. Lieutenant Stala holds on in the meantime.

Adjutant Magee has arrived, the

G. B. M.

agent for the Province. His trip is planned until August 14th. If it goes by air, the Adjutant should move something. He lives

DOMINION DAY AT THE ISLAND.

Dominion day, with a great many people, is looked forward to as a day out of which they seek to get as much pleasure as possible. Some in one way, and some in another and some of the ways very wrong ones indeed, as is plainly seen by many having bloated faces, bloated eyes and staggering steps, and others returning from their day's outing very weary indeed, feeling that the pleasure sought had proved unsatisfactory and left an aching void.

Among others who sought pleasure on that day were the League of Mercy Sisters, who might have been seen wending their way to the Yonge street wharf and

Boarding One of the Boats

bound for the Island; but their mission there was for the Master, and finding out that it was not against the rules to hold meetings, their voices were soon heard in song, prayer and testimony, especially telling of the blessed work they were engaged in, that of visiting the various institutions of the city, carrying WAR CRYS and heaps of blessings to the precious souls there. Quite a number gathered around to listen, and evidently were touched and blessed as the moment, help, was asked for the work one and another handed in five and ten cent pieces before the cashbox was closed. After two hours and a half open-air work, we returned to the city just in time

To Miss the Stern,

with happy hearts, feeling an afternoon had been well spent and something done for Jesus. Hallelujah!

Wednesday, at the appointed time, the door of the Don Jail was opened and two League of Mercy Sisters entered for the purpose of holding a meeting with the women inmates. A little interview with the Superintendent who has charge of the female apartments rather gladdened our hearts.

"How many women have you here now?" we inquired.

"Forty-eight just now; we have had fewer this spring than for ten years," was her answer.

"What has been

Your Average Number

this time of the year?"

"About seventy-five."

"And how do you account for the decrease?"

"We believe it must be through a good work being done, and mainly attribute it to the Salvation Army."

"Praise God!" broke from our lips and hearts together, and we started on praying that God would bless this particular visit to the salvation of some precious soul.

As we looked into their faces, many of them very hard looking from marks sin had made, we felt that each had a soul that Jesus loved and gave His life to save.

They listened very attentively as we

spoke of blind Bartimeus and the

Love and Kindness

of Jesus in caring for him and giving him sight, and also of the blindness worse than natural blindness, that of the soul without Christ.

Sister Hoskins sang

"Oh, 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps,"

and tried to improve upon them the need of letting Jesus lead them, urging them to surrender their hearts to Him now.

We left feeling that their only hope for this life, as well as the next, was in Jesus, and praying that God would reveal Himself to them.

I am more and more impressed that the League of Mercy is a band of women called of God to do this glorious work.

May He give them much love, wisdom and grace.

Ensign HILL.

"TRADING FOR GOD."

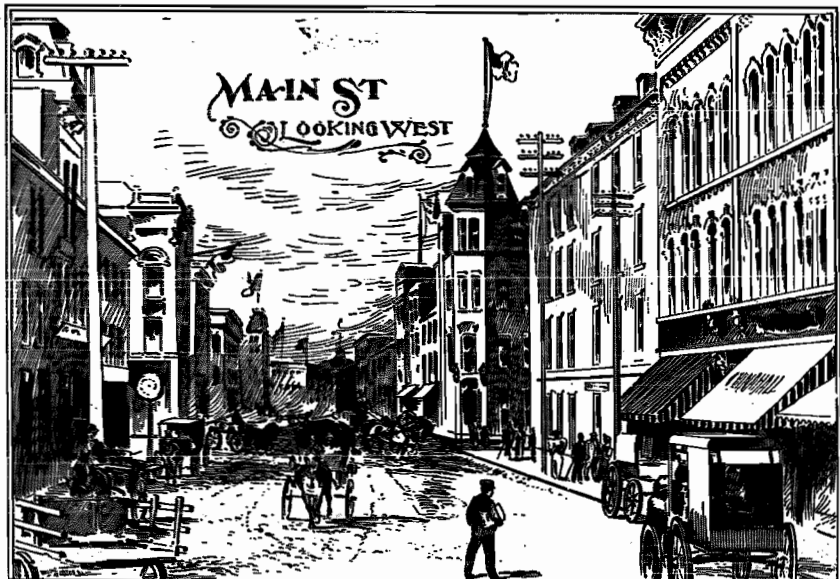
BY MARIA SIMPSON.

We, soldiers, owe a debt of gratitude to Commandant Booth, for utilizing the "Little store," which was primarily opened by a few officers for their personal needs, and making it the beginning of an extensive business for God: May our Lord Himself take charge of it and cause it to be a means of replenishing His treasury. The commerce of the world has too long been kept from God—altogether apart, as if He had no jurisdiction over it. And, so far as men are concerned, very little jurisdiction He has had! There is one very notable exception, however, right here in Toronto. Our indefatigable Trade Secretary must feel the smile of the Master beaming upon him in his commercial transactions. Verily, his business at the Temple Headquarters is "ALL FOR JESUS."

God Almighty's claims are recognized alone. But, in general, as the Commandant so justly declares: "The Almighty has been too long put off with the prayer-book and psalms for His living in the world." God bless our leader for this 'new departure.' What a privilege to buy and sell for Jesus! Let us all take advantage of it as far as possible. The one who need to purchase presents can obtain nice Bibles, hymn-books and devotional works, at the Temple Headquarters; also Army crests, badges, ribbons, etc. Every officer and soldier should have their uniforms made there. How simple and neat is the Salvation Army uniform—it is just a sight for sore eyes—I love to see it, for it speaks out heavenly for God. Separation from the world—consecration to Christ—that is what it means.

And as for the grocery store—come on, housewives, with love to the land. No matter if the co-operative store does chance to be at a rather inconvenient distance from your home. You will be well repaid for a little extra trouble. How? Why, by remembering that you are

SHOPPING FOR JESUS!



Brockville, the Island City, which derives its name from Sir Isaac Brock, occupies one of the most picturesque locations which the lavish hand of nature has carved out for the habitation of mankind.

GREAT CAMP MEETINGS
No Portage La Prairie

THE WELCOME.

The morning breeze is fanning us gently, and the green leaves of the waving poplar, ash, and maple trees are rustling softly in the balmy sunlight, as we sit writing in the cool shade of the Portage la Prairie Island Park Grove.

Our camp meetings are in full swing, and the sound of "Whiter than snow" floating through the grove from the holiness meeting, and the white tents dotted here and there, present to us a miniature C.P.

We are expected to report the reception of the troops at the C.P.R. on Saturday night; but it was one of those occasions that have to be participated in to be appreciated.

The Major came up Friday on business, some others came early Saturday; but the great welcome took place about nine o'clock P.M.

Previous to the march, the Portage "Baby Band" and visiting soldiers marched round the city.



Several of these visitors belonging to one corps, had driven

Nearly Eighty Million

to be present. They covered a wagon with canvas, and slept in it all night, also using their tented wagon as their abode in the camp grounds.

Another brother came rushing up to us on the porch, exclaiming:

On a Hand-Car !"

Black clouds drifted ominously across the sky, and more than once dissolved into great searching rain drops, causing us to seek the shelter of the barracks on our way to the grounds.

Neither the storm, rain or mud dampened the ardor of the Salvationists or the Portage citizens. They rallied in good force, and gave the visitors a rousing reception. The brass instruments blew loudly their stirring notes, only equaled by the shouts of the soldiers.

A welcome was played as the train steamed in, and then the Winnipeg band led the van. Such a stormy beginning must have a glorious ending. So far, since that wild, blustering, bursting of the clouds above us, which sent us helter skelter over the bridge, and into the comfortable building prepared for us, not a drop has fallen, except "drops of blessing," and they have come in "showers"—showers of inspiration and love. And still they continue to fall. Hallelujah!

Mrs. Meier Read.

SATURDAY EVENING

“Wind, dust, and rain set everybody on the ‘double-quick’ for the camp-ground—in fast order we lost sight of the sun. Clothes were blown about and the dust did not improve our faith, it was at high tide. A more jubilant crowd of shining faces would be hard to find than the one which sat in the Agricultural building, waiting for the meeting to commence which was to set the ball a-rolling. Here was Major and Mrs. Read full of holy mirth, and looking as if they never knew a trouble in the world. Hudson Lawry, all smiling; Hudson Rawling, a look in his eye that meant business; Captain Kady and

Scott, who came from rusting, looking hale and hearty; (Look-out there, devil). Then Shes, Captain Shes, the irrepressible, non-extinguishable Shes, with HIS ARMY.

They surprised us with a new version of "We join em," which went like this--

"Shen's Army, Shen's Army, why who do you think we are -
Shen's Army, Shen's Army, we're marching on to War,
Shen's Army, Shen's Army for God we're taken our stand.
You must be blind or else you'd see, we're part of the
Winning team."

These head boys are a holy, happy crowd, their playing sets the faraway chords of your nature vibrating. They got a proper welcome from the host of soldiers who had gathered from the different towns of Manitoba. What a merry crowd. Harry Dunn and Kasandun were well-nigh glowing. Announcements were made, a "Managing Committee" appointed, Captain Oremway, the burly watchman, got orders to be "polite" over the entire grounds, Captain Westcott to manage

ing, ten years of victory, ten years of beautiful communion with her God, she felt like taking hold of the people, and leading them to Jesus. Her heart was full of love, sympathy and compassion for poor, dying souls. God bless Mrs. Read.

The Major spoke on how the majority of people lived. The people were more concerned how they could make their business pay than they were about their precious souls. He asked when does a man start to live, he answered the question himself by saying, when he is born again. He went on to say that some people had no spiritual teeth, illustrating it by a man not being afraid to meet a lion when he knew the lion had no teeth or claws to bite or scratch him.



The Major drew in the net, when nine came forward for the blessing of a clean heart. Thank God they got what they came for. May God keep them true.

CAPTAIN JAR. CROMARTY.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

We mustered together at 2:15 p.m. to pray, not for ourselves, but for others, as that ought to be the aim of the Salvationists in this dark world. Left the camp grounds at 2:30 p.m. for a march over to the city, where we held a running open-air, led by Captain Crenshaw, the moved Scotchman. Made our way back to the camp ground again, where a five- and six-song was led by Major and Mrs. Reed, assisted by a lot of the officers from the several corps around Portage. The meeting was announced to be a heart-felt testimonial blizzard, and so it was, the soldiers and officers giving some very fine testimonies to what the grace and love of God had done for them that day.

men through the Salvation Army. The sermon being read by Mrs. Ensign Bawling was the 10th chapter of Luke, where it says, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," and it was the first time that the light of the Gospel had ever shined upon the earth. You also the darkness, Oh, the Lord help us to live in the light, and to shine, so that God may be glorified, which, Mrs. Ensign Bawling said, was the privilege of every soul in the building.

Mrs. Reed then spoke next, saying that she had been a few words on her mind this afternoon, and that she would like to help her brethren, and that was "wicked as much as sin." Repeating it over several times she spoke to the people in a very powerful way of how much misery and despair sin had brought down this world again and again, and how dangerous, wrong, sinning against God, how it brought misery and wretchedness into the world, and how she also spoke of the necessity to put out the light of water, but she said there was nothing but

Jesus could put out this wickedness with
burneth as a fire. Glory be to God.
Next came our Major, who appealed to the
people to leave their sin and come to Jesus,
and let God do a work in their hearts, but no
one responded, but we believe there were
seed sown which will yet spring up from that
meeting which will bring glory to God.

LUCY. MRS. H. GREEN

MONDAY'S FIGHT.

Knee-drill, led on by Ensign Rawlings was capital. We had what you call a rolling time. What between lively choruses, songs, testimonies, there was no time lost. The shore line was out, and away she went.

Captain Shea thought it best to have a little religion on the top of it all, but a voice from the Financial Secretary (for the time) moved we have a collection first, as much as to say that come in the religious part of the program, carried unanimously.

A few words from God's Word, and a lively prayer meeting brought one soul. Glory, and

Holiness meeting, "Whiter than snow," being the theme of that meeting. Knags Lowry led on the forces, and a great attack on the enemy's ranks ensued. Talk about waves, they rolled and tossed, till one imagined they were white caps.

Mrs. Emma Rawling soloed. Captain Jordan spoke definitely on the difference of justification and sanctification; he had a bright experience. Captain Smith had victory inside and out. Captain Jordan proved God's power to save when a child; people doubted if it was real, but God helped her through. She is enjoying full salvation, and a dance that accompanies it. Who won't

Mrs. Rawling said when she got sanctified, it meant coming into the work. She is there heart, soul and body to fight for Him. Hallelujah.

Ensign Lowry wielded the sword of the Spirit, giving us Isaiah's experience, "Woe is me, for I am undone." When he got there, it wasn't long till the fire touched his lips, and the result was, "Here am I, send me." Ensign impressed it on every soul the need of being ready to suffer or die for Christ. After telling us her own experience, asked for surrender, and five precious souls claimed victory.

Singing Simoon was beyond description, led by Bandmaster Cantillon, who knows how to do it; in fact, it was enchanting. There was solos, duets, trios, quartettes, quintets, etc., etc., to say nothing of the string band of eleven pieces, considered the best ever heard in the country.

The instrumental music given by Brother Turnwall on the mandoline, accompanied by a noted character from Brandon, on the guitar, captivated the crowd. Captain Sheo told them to look out, and might fly; we didn't see any, but I can tell you music was flying through the air from the beginning to the end of the sermon. Result: one soul.

Drunkard's demonstration or temperance meeting, led by Mrs. Read, began at 8 p.m. and to see the poor drunks on the front seat, we would imagine they had got into the wrong place; but no. The remainder of the platform was filled with a happy crowd of Unitarians. God took hold from the beginning.

at a better drunkard's meeting was never enjoyed. The drinks sang a song, and while they retired, the string band played a few choruses, when in came the same man; but that a change, clothed in Salvation Army uniform; another song by the saved drunk; and then stood to beat feet showing they had been saved. He was a new one. Some who had been noted characters spoke of the power of God to deliver. One brother said he found temperance society at last that enabled him through God to keep from drink. It's the best temperance organization in the world. The first was sung near the close of the meeting, words that would melt the hardest heart, so often experienced by a drunkard's wife. "I have seen the angels, the angels of God, and I have seen the souls of men which had come under their notice; one special case, a Dr. in Toronto, after hearing of beautiful chorus:

[illegible]

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!
It was beautiful, glorious, delightful! What
Where? Why the camp meetings on the
island at Portage la Prairie. After being shut
up in the city of Winnipeg for months with-
out the sight of a tree to relieve the view
across the prairie, to be out under the open

ing branches, with the music of the birds, and the wind playing among the leaves overhead.

Wasn't it Lovely!

And the weather—it seemed that our dear Father had tempered it on purpose for us, for He had purified the atmosphere and made all nature bright with refreshing showers for days and days, and then suffered not a drop of rain to interfere with our worship!

For once, too, the Army seemed to have dropped down in a locality where it was appreciated, for everyone was kind and kind, and no dissenting voice was heard.

We had the free use of the Agricultural Grounds and their hall for our meetings. The men were from the Roman Catholic Church. When the Major went to ask for them, they gave him the keys and told him to go in and

Help Himself

to as many as he liked.

There is no doubt that penitence may be good for us, and that the meek, and the soft, and the show of devotion help to impress us with the fact that "God has been in the world, and therefore the world hath us," but I can assure you that this state of things is very enjoyable once in a while at least, and seemed like a foretaste of heaven.

Comrades from Winnipeg, Selkirk, Rapid City, Winnipeg, and Carleton, met to see the Major, and the spirit of love, unity, and loyalty that prevailed could not be surpassed. The troops arrived in town and got settled down nicely in their tents on Saturday evening.

Sunday morning's knee-drill, the first meeting of the series, was well attended, there being about one hundred present. God met us in power, and as Major and Mrs. Read led us up to the throne, we felt that the Spirit of the Lord was indeed descending upon the camp, and felt assured of victory during the coming week.

The helms meeting was a time of power, with nine souls in the fountain.

The afternoon free-and-easy was crowded to excess, and we had a very lively time, what might be termed a display of

Happy Salvation.

The Sunday evening meeting was the most stirring rally of the week, with one soul being added to the number.

The Monday morning knee-drill, led by Major and Mrs. Read, was well attended, with one soul being added to the number.

In the p.m. the "Musical Service," led by Major and Mrs. Read, was well attended, with one soul being added to the number.

The evening meeting was a drunkards' demonstration, conducted by Mrs. Read. This was one of the most marvellous demonstrations of God's power, through the instrumentality of that much-despised Salvation Army, that we have ever witnessed. At the beginning of the meeting, six men, with

Rugged Clothes and Stained Hats,

one in and took seats on the platform. After the opening exercises they sang together a song expressive of their wretched condition, with the chorus,

"Salvation Army hark to me."

The song was continued by the platform while they left and soon re-appeared in their old uniform, and then sang together with much effect.

"We have learned to sing far better songs than those of long ago."

Mrs. Read asked for their testimonies. At this point she asked the Major to take the stand, and he asked all on the platform who had been saved from drink to stand to their feet and come to the front. There was a roar of applause as they came forward, and the Major called upon each one to give his name, the date of his conversion and his words of testimony. I hope some of you passed them for the Car and for God's glory.

We have not space to give them in full, but they were wonderful triumphs of grace. Two had been saved behind the prison bars. One was a bar-tender when the Army struck their town. Another had been drawn

From the Gambling Table

by the sound of the drum, etc. We listened with the feeling that surely the age of sinners is passing.

"Can you tell me whose that man with only hair who is playing that instrument? He seems to be quite a musician, but doesn't look as though he had been converted very long." The answer of a next little woman by our side in an Army bonnet.

"He looked up and smiling sweetly said, 'This is my husband. He was converted in prison where he had been sent for beating women he was drunk. I can tell you our home is very different from what it used to be.'"

As testimony after testimony was given we were more than ever impressed with the magnitude of the work which God is accomplishing through His great Salvation Army. To His be all the glory!

This morning finished up with three in the fountain and a half-dozen dimes. No doubt there were others to meet, and more

who looked on in holy horror, but we felt that our Father, Who had made us glad, was well pleased, and we are going forward to rejoice yet more in the God of our salvation.

The "Fire Went Not Out

by night," for Tuesday morning's knee-drill found it burning as brightly as ever. The Officers' Council, led by Major and Mrs. Read, was a time of heart-searching and full confession, but the Soldiers' Council in the evening was the crowning scene, when we read of God's disobedience in saving the best of the sheep and oxen to sacrifice, after God's command to destroy them, when she pierced home upon the hearts of her listeners the fact that the enemies of those who were disobeying God's call, were offering in his case as the blessing of the flock, and the loving of the herds He had commanded to be slain.

God's Spirit strove, and five young men and six young women rose to their feet and came forward to acknowledge their call and to surrender themselves to God. They settled in there that they would follow all the way, and trembling with emotion, wrote out their application at the penitence form before rising from their knees. Some may say it was done in a moment of excitement, to be repented of as quickly, but one young man said to me after, "It is in what I ought to have done two years ago. I feel so much better now, but cannot help feeling and at the thought of what I might have been, had I been willing to obey when God first called me."

Was it excitement? Then

Let us Have as Much as Possible, or anything else that will stir men and women to obey the voice of God in their souls. Others there were who asked out their convictions, and did not yield. However, we are believing for them at this distance.

And the night meeting, how shall I describe it? I shall have to put it down as simply indescribable. No doubt on-lookers would term it religious lunacy, but I believe our Father looked down upon us as His little faithful, happy, healthy, and victorious army, and gladness with which He had filled our souls will not find expression some day. We ended with two souls in the fountain, and we "gave to Jesus glory."

Wednesday morning there was a pulling up of station, and a passing away of tents and baggage, and a dispersing of the troops, and this ended one of the most blessed seasons in which it has been our lot to participate.

Captain P. JORDAN.

MRS. De BARRITT

AND THE LATEST HARRIS

Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor
IN THE
NEW HALL AT BOWMANVILLE.

"All aboard!" was the cry, and away sped the train to Bowmanville, which was soon reached. We jumped into the buggy Mr. E. H. driving away to the barracks, where we saw the Major putting his last few strokes of paint to one of the windows of the new Soldiers' Hall. Truly, it is a really a fine little place, and commendably speaking, they have achieved as great a victory there as we have in Toronto.

We had with us the newly married Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Taylor had been stationed here about six years ago, and the Adjutant was connected with the early days of the Army and had played an important part in the fight before going forth as an officer.

Saturday night's meeting was a lively beginning and preparation for the Sunday. At knee-drill there was a nice gathering, and the new hall was quite full at helms meeting. This season is indescribable, for God once more.

Mrs. De Barritt read I Chronicles, xxviii. 10: "Take heed now, for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary; be strong and do it."

Taylor and Mrs. De Barritt both

It was full of solemn impression. There seemed to be a power from above holding the meeting. After three attempts to close, in vain, it was five and twenty minutes to two before the comrades separated, and then not until eight o'clock when the men came back to the barracks, and the women to the hall, before the throne of an all-powerful God, with solemn resolution to walk with a perfect heart before the Lord. A joyful, triumphant march round the hall seemed the only right and proper thing to do under the circumstances.

In the afternoon, of course, things were booming. It was going on as the fighting force of the Bowmanville.

Very bold and pleasant are the memories of that week and in the "little gem of a hall" with the stately service and all the beautiful scenes of a happy life by lady friends. What cannot tell what a joy giving in the name of God there has been before this sanctuary for the Lord could be the charming place that it is now.

Yarmouth, N. S.—This week has been one of victory. Souls crying for mercy in every meeting. God is working. We expect mighty waves of salvation in the future.—Captain CURRY.

WAR CRY OFFICE TALK.

A Nominative comrade sends the following:—

Dear War Cry, you are welcome here, I'm fifty-two times in the year, and as much with regard to the paper of the dear old War Cry, I look, I look, and look again, I look, but I don't like to read it. I'm through there's news from all round so news of our corps can be found. Dear War Cry, could you tell me what a correspondent has failed? Dear War Cry, you have often told us, how oft I wish, Our corps could catch a catch, One as loyal and as true As Annie Reilly's been to you: That with such corps we would compete, For Annie Reilly's heart to beat. I think I'm not doing her report. Through it be long, or be it short. Most every week throughout the year the members of the corps are in. Through in Victoria I have been This & G. I have never seen. Now, listen, comrade, you have a try And get her photo for the War Cry. Forgive me if I have done wrong. Cut it short if it's too long. I'll try and do it better next—"Try, try again," in my text.

EXCELSIOR.

Every Editor's business is to cater for his readers, and I quite believe "Excelsior" expresses only the wishes of the majority of readers with respect to Annie Reilly and other War correspondents. I anticipated this some time ago, and decided to run a series of papers in the Canadian War Cry, called, "Our Canadian War Cry Correspondents." Each paper will be headed with an artistic design, and where possible, will be furnished with a good portrait of the person referred to. I wish in this series of papers to introduce the War Cry public each person who takes a share in providing the weekly supply of salvation literature for us.

It is somewhat difficult to induce some of our correspondents to see the importance of their pictures and experience appearing in the War Cry. One comrade said recently, in effect, "but surely it cannot interest people to read about so unimportant a person as me." To all such, I reply, that may be as when you are considered only as a member of your own family circle, but when you are in the War Cry, you are at once raised from local obscurity to a pedestal of immense influence and interest. Your words may reach and be the channel of salvation to persons thousands of miles away, and of whom you may never hear on earth; and again, the frequent recurrence of your name in the War Cry pages, the union between yourself and the XVII. 21, and a good deal of interest is of necessity excited in you at that account. Will all the special correspondents and regular War Cry contributors please, therefore, arrange to be introduced more fully than hitherto to the great nation of War Cry readers. The following is needed in each case:

1. A good photo.
2. A brief life-sketch.
3. A present testimony, or a song, or some striking incident.

I wish to call attention this week to a sketch of the Social Form, written by one of the Editorial Staff especially designed for that purpose. A series of papers on "WAR CRY writers and War Cry writing in the Queen City" will appear in the War Cry by the same writer.

There are some comrades in the field really excellent in their War Cry duties. They recognize the fact that War reporting is not optional, but as necessary as any other branch of the great whole.

Take our far-away comrade, Adjutant Archibald, for instance; here is a typical letter, the italics are ours.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

MY DEAR MAJOR,—I have gathered a few thoughts to fill in the corners of War Cry—day before yesterday. I am very busy, almost night and day, and I do thank God for a chance to work hard for Jesus in our loved Army.

I missed the big meetings at the Congress, but God made up some of the loss by bumping blessing, which rolled over to this side of the Rockies from your committee together.

The floods have caused much distress. Many are out of employment on the Coast. Like all new countries, we have to stand the reverses as well as the flood-tides of success. This is a tremendous background for our Army.

God bless you, dear Major; don't forget me at knee-drill, etc.

The Social Work is booming in Vancouver. We have got the people roused on this important question.

I am ever yours,

W. ARCHIBALD.

In welcoming the Commander from the States to the great Crystal Palace Demonstration, our English contemporary comments on the absence of the Commandant. The Week's Review says:

"Our British readers are too circumscribed to take in the meaning of a 1,180-mile tour in six weeks, with fifty-eight interviews, business, etc. but they can imagine themselves taking a trip from Plymouth to Adam (overland) and back, with meetings all over the world, and they have caught the situation. The Commander's reason, endorsed by the General, for not coming are worthy and commendable, but rather than run the risk of getting it, he has made his feelings, and sticks to the plan. But we say, my best

for the disappointment when he says his first visit! We shall give him such a welcome that it will be heard in Toronto!"

I have the promise of a column of copy occasionally from a dear comrade, and world-renowned writer, Staff-Captain Marshall, editor of the *Compass*. In reply to a letter, he says:

Just been to camp meeting at Flint, Michigan. Good times, but crowds interfered with by the Great Truck tie-up. Some making sense this evening that will take us away from my office a good deal this month, so I fear your stuff from my pen will be delayed. Still, keep believing.

Yours gratefully and affectionately,
T. G. MARSHALL, Staff-Captain.

The following copy of a dodger the Adjutant forwards, will show that in the North-West they are not letting the grass grow under their feet:

"The Social Problem!"

SPECIAL MEETINGS

Will be Convened to Raise Money for a Food and Shelter in this City, under the Supervision of the Salvation Army.

Who are to-day successfully dealing with this important question.

A MASS MEETING

Will be held in the Salvation Army barracks ON MONDAY NIGHT

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Mayor R. A. Anderson, Presiding. Professor Odium, M. R. McPherson, Mr. G. A. Jordan, P.M., and others will be present.

ON TUESDAY NIGHT, AT 8 P.M.

IN THE HOMER STREET METHODIST CHURCH, Dr. Wilson in the Chair. Rev. C. Watson, Rev. E. D. McLaren, and others, will address the meeting.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AT 8 O'CLOCK, IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, EAST END.

Mr. R. McPherson, Presiding. Police Magistrate, G. A. Jordan, Rev. G. R. Maxwell, Rev. W. W. Ross, and others will assist.

ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD

Will lay the Social Work of the Army before all the meetings.

EVERYBODY INVITED.

Another of our excellent contributors is Major Read. In a recent letter he says:

JULY 5, 1904.

You will be glad to know that we had remarkably good times at Fortage Camp. Big crowds, good collections, many souls, and at our meeting, six soldiers knelt at the penitence and while there, wrote out their applications for the work I shall never forget the scene. It was good. We are going in to make every body, well-versed, single soldier feel that they ought to be efficient. I am off to the Coast next week for a seven weeks' tour. God bless you.

Affectionately yours,

J. READ.

Will someone exchange our War Cry with the writer of the following?—E.

CENTRAL CITY, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR,—I wish you would do me a favor: I would like to exchange the United States War Cry every week for the Canadian War Cry. If you would insert a notice to that effect in the War Cry, I would be extremely grateful.

GAUVIN ARCHER, Captain.

Central City, Colorado.

Paris.—One soul got beautifully saved this week. Happy Dick Trapani is boiling over, and his wife is going to be a shouter. Grand times in the open-air all day Sunday. We closed the day with a big shout in the camp.

—Captain and Mrs. COCKBRIILL.

Bloomfield.—Although it is some time since you heard from us, we are not dead, but are fighting for our blessed Redeemer.

On Saturday and Sunday we had Sergeant-Major Swanson and Sister Ward from Flinton with us, and God came very near. Although we did not see any visible results, God's Spirit was working on the hearts of the un-saved, and we are believing for a break in the enemy's ranks.—Lieutenant BRADGROVE.

Cornwall.—Our hearts are rejoicing this morning over victory. God has given us the joy of seeing three precious souls kneel at the Cross. Yesterday was a good day all through, but the wind-up at night, after God had spoken peace to a backslider, was the best of all. Secretary Cannon gave us quite a step, while every comrade's heart seemed running over with joy, that is if we could judge from their faces and testimonies. Salvation soldiers. We feel with David, God has done great things for us.—CHAS. CANNON.

"TWO LITTLE FEET WALK THE STREETS OF GOLD."



Strathroy.—Death has visited the home of our friend, Bro. Robinson, and taken from it a flower, transplanting it into the kingdom of heaven.

Little MINKUN was so fond of the Army she would get a paper and tear it in pieces and go to the Ox mill, clip her little hands in the meeting, and as we would pass she would stand on the front steps and cry out, "Hey, hey," in her own baby language.

A little over 24 hours before she died she was as fresh and lively as any child could be, but just took sick and in 24 hours God took her to Himself. She died on Sunday morning at 5 o'clock.

Monday. Had an S.A. funeral. Had a memorial service on the following Sunday night. A good crowd was present. The parents and friends have our sympathy, and we say it is only a link to bind them closer to heaven and God.—Captain BARNES.

HOW THEY DIE.

BILLY BRAY.

"We could do nothing but praise," Billy said, "for the Spirit was poured out in such a wonderful manner. I was as happy as I could be and live. It was one stream of glory."

He was very weak in body then, but as the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day. "I think I shall be home to Father's house soon," was his happy thought, his glorious hope. He returned home pale and exhausted. He left it but once afterwards, when he went to Lakehead to see his children. He got much worse, and appeared like a man in the last stage of consumption.

On one occasion he sent for a medical man, and when he arrived he said:

"Now, doctor, I have sent for you because people say you are an honest man, and will tell them the truth about their state."

The doctor had examined him, Billy said. "Well, doctor, how is it?"

"You are going to die."

Billy instantly shouted, "Glory! glory to God! I shall soon be in heaven."

He then added in a low tone, and in his own peculiar way, "When I get up there shall I give them your compliments, doctor, and tell them you will be coming, too?"

"This," the doctor says, "made a wonderful impression upon me."

It scarcely need be said that Billy retained all his old love for shouting; he even said if he had his time to go over again he would shout ten times as much. In his affliction he was visited by persons of all denominations, who liberally contributed to his support.

On Friday, May 22nd, 1898, he came down stairs for the last time. To one of his old friends, a few hours before his death, who asked if he had any fear of death, or of being lost, he said:

"What, me fear death! me lost! Why, my Saviour conquered death. If I were to go down to hell, I would shout glory, glory to my blessed Jesus, until I made the bottomless pit ring again, and the miserable old Satan would say, 'Billy, Billy, this is no place for thee; get thee back.' Then up to heaven I should go, shouting, glory, glory, praise the Lord!"

A little later he said, "Glory!" which was his last word, and in a little time his was the unspeakable joy to behold that glory which Jesus had with the Father before the world was. He was blessing and praising the Lord all the day, so that heaven was not to him very different to earth; the soul, according to Wesley,

"The change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love."

Glory in his experience had begun below, he enjoyed wonderful foretastes of its fullness and fruition in heaven above. He took his departure to the skies on Monday, May 23rd, 1898, having reached the age of seventy-four years within a few days.



Perhaps someone will ask—how do you account for such a distinct change coming over a corps in so short a time? For be it known the move was made before the special meetings took place, therefore the cause in the first place is something altogether apart from the visit of Headquarters' Staff. We admit there are various causes which can change a corps from a state of inactivity and a dwindling away to be little more than a name, to be a moving and increasing power for good. Sometimes the brilliant and natural gifts of an officer are used by the Holy Spirit to change the order of things. In other cases the naturally amiable, affable manner of the officer has a drawing effect and brings together, if it be but to the individual, for a time friends whose interest and help puts new life into things. At some places the public have a decided taste for female ministry, or male ministry as the case may be, or as it is in some cases, the community will not be satisfied if their officers are not married, while in others they must be single. A change either way makes a great deal of difference so far as outward appearances go.

In my opinion, the change for the better at Simonstown cannot be attributed to either of the causes mentioned. Lieutenant Watts, who is in charge of the corps, is so young in experience as an officer that his natural gifts as a platform man have not had time to show themselves. At any rate, the Lieutenant will excuse me when I say, they haven't made their appearance yet. Neither does the Lieutenant strike one as having studied to make himself a showy, attractive person. The Simonstown public have a decided choice for female ministry, and the fact that the Lieutenant is not married does away with the idea that it was the wife who did it. So, judging from a human standpoint the Lieutenant seems to have had everything against him.

The secret of the whole thing in this case is that the officer commenced work in Simonstown with no other idea but that God was going to move things and save souls, and to this end he went about his work. He spotted a drunkard who was known to be one of the worst men in the town. He visited him, made him the subject of prayer, followed him up, until at last he got the man to his quarters, and there God saved him; and by careful attention he was helped over the first few and most critical days of his experience in the new life. He was then placed in a situation, and his employer told me during the special meeting that the man was doing well. He is now a soldier and always ready to give his testimony.

This, as will be imagined, caused a stir, and created a keener interest among the general public in the work. In the meantime the Lieutenant had marked his second man. One who has held a good social position in the town, but had fallen to be a most abandoned drunkard. I cannot go into particulars here. Suffice it to say he is now saved, and with these, humanly speaking, hopeless cases, a few sinners of a respectable exterior also got saved, and thus commenced what is now a very promising work at Simonstown. The Lieutenant has been so incessant in his visitation among all classes that there is hardly a family in the town whom he has not visited. This, coupled with the success of getting two drunkards saved, is the cause of the resurrection to life at Simonstown.



HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

Lancelotti (fiercely): "Go on, throw the racial, Bill!" Bill (sotto voce): "Sh! sh! he's got to go left." Lancelotti (affably): "Oh! sh! Well—ask the gentleman what he'll take."

Wingham.—Just a few lines to let you know that we are still alive and baring the victory. Since last report we had an over-seer who used to get up in the night, for the Spirit of God would not let him sleep; but now he is rejoicing in a new Saviour. Glory to God. We are in for victory. Soldiers are rallying round the Cross in the night, praise God. You will hear from us again soon.—BANDMAN HINCHCLIFF.

St. John's Rescue Home people are still alive, and while some have not yet put on the new man Christ Jesus, a few of us, thank God, can report victory in our souls. At the present we have seven girls and a little baby, two of the girls are in a new Saviour. Their desire seems to be for that which is good. Oh, I do pray that they will stand by the Cross. The others seem to have good desires, too, I believe. You can imagine the feeling I have toward them, and now I long to see them right with God. There are quite a few things which I believe do the work hard, but I think the hardest I find is to see a girl from the Home, and that I had to do last week, but not until I had given her more than one chance, and also prayed about it. Poor girl, my heart sobbed for her; may the Spirit of God bring her to the Kingdom. I am really well in my soul, marching on to conquer in the strength of God. Although being the weakest of God's children, yet through Christ I shall have the victory. Hallelujah.—CAPTAIN BARNES MOS.

Favarsham Circle Corps.—After eight months' fighting for God in this circle, farewell orders came. During that time God has wonderfully blessed me in my own soul, and, best of all, in seeing souls saved to the Kingdom. At a farewell to Brigadier No. 11, enrolled two recruits. May God bless you, my dear comrades, all of you; be as true and live as true and as devoted to God and His cause as you expect to be when summoned to appear at the Great White Throne.—CAPTAIN M. GRACE.

New Glasgow.—The Kanga just returned from the Congress with 1-1 of good news to the S.A.C. The S.A.C. was surprised to see the soldiers on the night after his return, and can judge by the happy smiling faces of these comrades we should have forty to join the S.S.C.C. in a short time.

Thursday night was the night for a welcome home meeting. Officers from Westville and Stellenbosch were with us, and some of their soldiers. After the meeting an incense social; our crowd was small, owing to a free concert going on in town, but we have a very enjoyable time. The majority of these towns are in the hands of the wicked one, but Christ shall reign.—CAPTAIN PANSOS.

Dovercourt.—A short time ago a poor drunkard, who has not had many other years out of about sixty-five, followed the march into the barracks while he was under the influence of liquor, and the Lord saved him. He was now saved, and with these, humanly speaking, hopeless cases, a few sinners of a respectable exterior also got saved, and thus commenced what is now a very promising work at Simonstown. The Lieutenant has been so incessant in his visitation among all classes that there is hardly a family in the town whom he has not visited. This, coupled with the success of getting two drunkards saved, is the cause of the resurrection to life at Simonstown.

Sunday, July 1st, Captain Huxtable, who has not had many other years out of about fifty months, but has been used by God, farewell. We wish him God-speed.

Brother Wilbert Pries, who has been a faithful soldier for over three years, and goodbye to follow Christ as an S.A. officer. He is with sorrow and also joy that we are going to see him, that he will conquer through the blood of the Lamb.

About 125 gathered at this farewell, and we had the joy of seeing a sister surrender herself to God.

We closed with a real Salvation Army wind-up, and among those enjoying themselves might have been seen the Rev. Mr. Webb bearing a tambourine, as if it was quite the usual thing. To God be all the glory.—M. L. SMITH, S.-M.

Mitchell.—On Wednesday night in our soldiers' meeting, we took hold of God with united faith for victory. Although so great a task at our meetings, yet God's Spirit has been at work among the few.

On Saturday night, as the meeting went on, conviction could be seen written upon the faces of more than one. During the prayer meeting a gentleman from the back of the hall rose and came to the front. Kneeling down he began to pray; as he prayed the agony of soul became more and more intense, until, in spite of his fine black suit and his college education, he fell upon the floor giving out to God. "Oh, God,"

LET ME OUT OF THIS PIT.

For about one hour he lay in this agonizing condition, but after making a full surrender of body, soul and spirit, and taking God at His word, a sweet, calm peace stole in upon his soul. He rose physically exhausted, but at peace with his God. He was at the meeting yesterday afternoon and night, and gave a glorious testimony to God's saving power. The meetings were blessed, deep conviction came even to his feet; so he is desired to come, but for fear of the consequences he held back. Many others are doing the same, but straightforward, holy living and united faith in God will bring them, we believe.

Jesus shall yet have His own ones in the Ancient Capital. The power of darkness would like to crush us out, but in the strength of Jesus we are rising. Hallelujah.—BANDMAN HINCHCLIFF.

SONGS FOR ALL MEETINGS.

Marching.

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

TUNE—We're marching to Zion. (R.B. 68.
S. M. L., 504.)

- 1 We hold communion sweet
With Him, our God, in prayer,
Then march away down yonder street,
And hold an open-air.

CHORUS.

We're marching for Jesus,
Glorious, glorious Jesus!
We're soldiers, marching for Jesus,
Our glorious Saviour and God.

Our hallelujah dance—
Folks start and call it odd;
The Army ever will advance,
We fight for Christ our God.

CHORUS.

We're dancing for Jesus,
Glorious, glorious Jesus!
We're dancing and singing for Jesus,
And all to the glory of God.

We'll sing and dance and pray—
As streets by street in trod;
No matter what the people say
If souls are won for God.

CHORUS.

Oh, glory to Jesus!
Glorious, glorious Jesus!
Oh, hallelujah to Jesus,
Our glorious Saviour and God!

The Calvary Spirit.

BY ETTIE WHITTAKER.

TUNE—Oh, 'tis glory, (R.B., 82; S.M. L.,
233), or, *Clementine*.

- 2 Souls are dying, souls are dying,
Going down to endless woe;
Fill me with the Calvary Spirit
That to save them I may go.

CHORUS.

Saviour, fill me, Saviour, fill me,
With the Calvary Spirit now;
Oh, make me loving, meek, and gentle,
As before Thy Cross I bow.

Worship honor I'm disdaining,
Worldly joys I count but as dross;
That I may obtain the spirit
Thou didst leave on Calvary Cross.

Nothing less can satisfy me—
Nothing more do I desire
Than to have the Calvary Spirit
Burning in me as a fire.

Nothing else can win the sinner
From the dark, dark path of sin;
Then, oh, let the Calvary Spirit
Fill and flood me now within.

Let me love the vilest sinner,
With a lasting love like Thine,
And may all who daily meet me
Know the Calvary Spirit's mine.

I Surrender.

BY CANDIDATE W. WALKER, SELEIRE.

TUNE—Sweet rest in Heaven. (B.J., No.
174; S.M.L., 321.)

- 3 Dear Lord, I do surrender
Myself for aye to Thee;
My time, my store, my talents,
So long withheld by me,
I've heard the call for workers,
The world's great need I see;
Oh, send me to the rescue,
I'm here, my Lord, send me!

CHORUS.

Here am I, Lord, send me!
Here am I, Lord, send me!
I surrender all to obey Thy call,
Here am I, Lord, send me!

Too long at ease in Zion,
I've been content to dwell;
While multitudes now dying,
Are sinking into hell.
No more can I be careless,
And my there's naught to do;
The fields are white to harvest,
And laborers are few.

Oh, hear, Thou God of heaven,
The vows that I now make;
To Thee my life is given,
'Tis for a lost world's sake,
To serve Thee I am ready,
Though friends and foes despise;
I now present my body
A living sacrifice.

MRS. BOOTH

Will visit the Forest City and conduct

THE OPENING OF LONDON NEW CITADEL

— ON —

Sunday and Monday, July 29th and 30th.

She will be assisted by

BRIGADIER and MRS. MARGETTS, MAJOR COMPLIN, ADJUTANT
JONES, and the District and Provincial Staff.

FOR - FULL - PARTICULARS - SEE - LOCAL - ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

Part of Jubilee Scheme No. 45 has become an accomplished fact.

The S. S. "William Booth"

has been purchased, and will be CHRISTENED and DEDICATED to the service of God and
the Army

At TORONTO on THURSDAY, JULY 31st,

— BY THE —

COMMANDANT and MRS. BOOTH,

assisted by all the Staff and Field Officers in the City. For further particulars see
local announcements.

I Will Trust My Saviour.

BY SERGEANT MAY LANG.

TUNE—I will follow Thee, my Saviour.

- 4 Once my heart was sad and weary,
And my soul was lost within;
But I came to Christ, my Saviour,
And my heart He cleansed from sin.

CHORUS.

I will trust in Thee, my Saviour,
I will trust Thee more and more
Till my journey here is ended
And I rest on that fair shore.

Oft the way seems dark and thorny,
And the devil tempts me sore,
But my Saviour is beside me,
I can trust Him more and more.

Now my soul is filled with gladness,
For my Saviour lives within;
I shall meet Him without sadness
When He sees I have no sin.

A Fire that is Burning.

BY BROTHER RITCHIE, KINGSTON.

TUNE—We shall win. B.J. 26, S.M. L. 249.

- 5 In the book of God's truth we can read
Of the hell where the sinner must go;
That you enter it not, oh, take heed!
In its depths there is sorrow and woe.

CHORUS.

O beware! O beware!
That you do not to hell's awful doom
O beware! O beware!
'Tis a place filled with sorrow and gloom.

There's a fire that is burning for aye,
Yet no light from its flames ever came,
While the worms for long ages will pay
On the souls who are lost in their shame.

No chance of escape can be found,
Doomed forever are all who go in;
'Tis a place where all horrors abound,
The home of the lovers of sin.

Too Late!

BY GEORGE KENDALL.

TUNE—Oh, where do you journey, my
brother? (B. J., No. 171; S. M. L.,
449; M. B. VI., 32.)

- 6 Oh, where are you hastening, poor
sinner?
Stop, think of your terrible fate!
When once you sink down in death's river,
Your cry will be ever, "Too late!"

CHORUS.

Your cry will be ever, "Too late!"
Your cry will be ever, "Too late!"
In hell with the lost and tormented,
How sad is the sinner's last fate!

Away in the caverns of darkness,
From God in eternal despair,
You'll think of the hours and the chances
God gave you, His money to share.

The prayers and the tears of the faithful
Will haunt you in hell's darkest night;
You'll think of the saved and the peaceful,
All clothed in their garments of white.

Thank God, you have not crossed the River,
Thank God, you are not o'er the brink!
There's power in the Blood to deliver,
Oh, stop at the Fountain and drink!

Jesus see Dear!

W. JAMES CURRIE.

Robin Adair; or, *Fade, fade, each earthly
joy.* (B.J., No. 177, 3.)

- 7 Who gives me peace at rest?
Jesus see dear!
Who made me fully blest?
Jesus see dear!
His love alone can win
Wand'ers so deep in sin,
To rich joy within,
Jesus see dear!

Who keeps us day by day?
Jesus see dear!
Treadin' along life's way,
Jesus see dear!
Leavin' for Him alone,
Oye, the reward we gain:
Aye wi' Himself to reign,
Jesus see dear!

Sin-stained, He is your need,
Jesus see dear!
Hear Him see lovin' plead,
Jesus see dear!
Black though the past has been,
His Blood can make you clean,
Whiter than snow's been seen,
Jesus see dear!

They Quibble and Doubt.

TUNE—Never-failing Friend. (B. J., No.
88, 1.)

- 8 I guess you have met many folks in
your time,
Who don't like salvation at all;
They pull it to pieces, and quibble, and
doubt,
But in danger on God they soon call.
They boast and they talk, their cheeks in
all chalk,
Their fruit is all rotten—but then,
I'm sure the salvation of Jesus will suit
All sorts and conditions of men.

CHORUS.

Salvation for the world, salvation for the
world,
Salvation's grand for every land,
Salvation for the world!
Salvation for the world, salvation for the
world,
It's good for all, both great and small,
Salvation for the world!

There's the poor foolish drunkard, who
works like a horse,
And despises what he earns like an ass;
The publican gets all his money, you know
Then turns the poor chap out to graze.

But Jesus can save the poor drunken slave,
He's able to break the strong chains;
For glory to God! His salvation suits
All sorts and conditions of men.

The swindler, who "lets in" his poor
fellow-man,
When saved, becomes honest and true;
The vilest of sinners, degraded and low,
Are cleansed, lifted up, and made pure;
The self-righteous, too, are made good and
true.

No longer on self they depend;
For, glory to God! His salvation suits
All sorts and conditions of men.

Waterloo Circle Corps.—On July 2nd
we had an ice cream social at Gillman's
Corners (Brigade No. III.), which was quite a
success. The friends came to our help
diligently; we never remember meeting with a
more generous and kind-hearted lot of people
before. The meeting was reinforced by Messrs.
Patterson, Captain McOutcheon, and Brother
and Sister Whitehead. God manifested His
self to us, and we all enjoyed the meeting
much. We have victory in our souls.—A.
CHORMAN, C. MERRIBEAU.

Orillia.—Time is passing by, sinner, and
are people passing away from our midst.
Sunday we had with us an old friend in the
person of Mrs. Andrews (Captain Mahon), the
first Lieutenant of the Salvation Army here;
she had been transferred for another part of
God's vineyard. The Lord is still working in
our midst. Four wandering sheep have come
back and asked the forgiveness of a loving
and pardoning Shepherd, and claimed to have
received His forgiveness.—Mrs. WILLIAMS,
S. C.

New Westminster.—The Lord is giving
His soldiers of Westminster victory.
Sunday, 17th, was a never-to-be-forgotten
day, when a son, who has been so long
in account of his sin, that he's been unable to
sleep, came to the penitential form, and there
found rest. To God be the glory.
Thursday was an original and potent
meeting. A good number turned out to hear
the comrades sing their own songs. It was
very interesting. A woman saved with Christ
singing.—S. S. and E. G.

Carberry.—Found a band of soldiers here
who were full of the battle-spirit.
Sunday morning, one soul cried to God for
mercy, and God heard and answered his
prayer.

Monday and Tuesday being public holidays
in town, the soldiers buckled on the armor,
and held open-air battles on the street. Our
two Wan Chy boomers, Sisters Harrison and
Johnson were not behind, and Wan Chy and
All the World were soon all sold.

Wednesday, returned from Camp meetings
at Portage. Captains McGill, Keady and
Smith stopped off, and we had a glorious time.
A shower of rain came on while in the open
air; but one of the friends brought the storm
an umbrella, we danced and sang and
shouted our way to the barracks, where God
came very near and blessed us.
Thursday night we had Captain Crennity,
the hallelujah watchman, and Lieutenant
Wilkins, the saved sailor, with us. We all
got blessed.

Barrie.—Glorious week-end, led by new
District Officer, Ensign Blackburn.

Saturday night a dear man, who for many
years has led a wild cowboy's life, and
the Cross to seek pardon. Praise God, we
believe he found it.

Sunday, God drew very near; congestion
deeply convicted, and one soul sought the
hallelujah. Hallelujah. Largest congregation
and best collection for a long time past. We
are in for victory. We want no "Ladies" in
this corps.—CONRAD.

I. S. C.—Two little boys knelt and cried with
their mother at the penitential form.

Millbrook.—God is with us, and helping
us not only to fight, but to conquer.

Tuesday (Sunday) we started very
o'clock knee-drill. Twelve of us met to-
gether, and God's Spirit was poured out upon
us. As a result of our meeting, one soul was
saved in the afternoon, which makes three
since last report.—Captain LADDA and
Lieutenant NORMAN.

Brantford.—Saturday, away we go for a
monster open-air. We had with us Brother
Jim Wright, from Hamilton. It was a grand
open-air. Some of the converts went dancing
around the ring. Away we go to the
barracks. After an hour's punching at the
devil inside we went in for a red hot prayer
meeting.

At 7 a.m. Sunday one brother said all his
family were saved, even to his dog. 10:00 a.m.
and a powerful conversion. Brother Wright
said, one time he had to wear his trousers
keep out of the hotel. The bunch blazes
they felt shouting happy.

3:30 p.m., we met on the Square to see
other go at the devil. I might say here that
we have captured the conversion walk. The
sinner has got out of wheels in his head
run for the devil, but now they were for
4 p.m. the order is given. Away we go to
the barracks. Here we had eleven converts
enrolled. See how our numbers are swelling.
J. B. BRAL, S. C.